THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. IX. NO. 6. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1890. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE IRISH HIGHLANDS.

Miss Banim Laments that Ruskin, the Lover of the Coloring of Nature, has not Seen Them.

The Glories of Clew Bay and an Irish Sunset.

IN THE IRISH HIGHLANDS.

It was late in the afternoon as we drew near Westport, after a long day of endless charm and variety; indeed, so much beauty of scene was crowded into every hour of the day, and so constant were the demands on the sight and the attention, that I found myself half unconsciously wishing for even one mile of ugly country, as an excuse to rest. For no mortal, with the faintest love of nature, could close the eyes for a moment, lest in that moment some naw change, some exquisite effect of sun, or shadow, or form should be lost. The evening shades gave to the coloring of the heights an effect that neither my companions nor I had ever before seen; every now and again, as a mountain sank into the shadow of its fellows, its entire rugged exterior appeared to change, soften and mellow into a velvety surface, composed of all the soft hues of quiet greens, greys and purples. I can only compare the appearance of the substance to those exquisite leaves of the velvet begonia. The entire mountain would remain for a time in this lovely subdued light then again emerge into sparkling brilliancy but to throw its neighbor into the velvety background. This singular tone is due to the short, mossy grasses, grey lichens, and patches of heather, partly disclosing the quartz of which the mountains are formed.

ADMIRING ALL THESE BEAUTIES

in turn, we chatted gaily with each other, with the coachman, and with the groups of children forever clustering about us. Now and again we had a walk along the road, and perhaps a few minutes to enter a cabin and have a word with the inmates. But the cabins by the wayside were not those of the very poorest mountaineers; we should go away into the glens and up the rugged hills to see the real miseries, and, at the same time, the real beauties of the poor of these districts. The little dwellings by the wayside were all comparatively comfortable- and all extremely clean. Indeed, my companions and I disagreed entirely about them. They found the freshly whitewashed and newly thatched (or mended) cottages most unpicturesque. They wanted the moss-grown, age-browned, and sod mended thatch, with a hole here and there, and a patch of corn or poppies blooming near the blackened chimney, together with the artistic (but very damp) green on the gables and around the eaves; while to me, who know that where I see the poor cottier is careful in mending the thatch and keeping the whitewash fresh these things are signs of hope and freedom from—at least—biting want, the unpicturesque freshness of the white walls, and even the row of carefully whitened and evenly arranged stones, which form an avenue to the cabin door, are dear to my heart and lovely in my eyes, though I could not deny that Ruskin would infinitely prefer the greens and browns of decay. I believe it was I who started the wish to have the Ruskin with us, that he might enjoy his delight in the beauties of air, sky, wild moor, golden mosses, heaths, flowers and ferns, and all the never-ending charms his eye, that misses not even a blade of grass or the tiniest moss, would find in his journey, in

GLORIOUS AUTUMN WEATHER,

through the Irish Highlands. I had just been enjoying some of his books, and had been hearing much of him from a devotee of his, one of the "Monks of the West," at whose former home, a monastery in Italy, Ruskin had spent many and many a sunny day, making hay with the light-hearted brethren, himself gay as any, and charming all who came to know him.

We tourists chatted on—about the legends peculiar to the districts we were passing through—about the long journey for which the swallows would soon be busily preparing—about the herons to be seen here and there beside the lakes. The herons brought us to the often debated, but never solved question—what becomes of all the dead birds? Do they die, or are they immortal? If they die, why does no one ever find their remains or their burial places? If immortal, where do they fly to when their time in this world is over? In the midst of these very puzzling questions we look down, and there, a lonely corpse on the roadside, lay a dead jackdaw? But he was no answer to our queries, no proof of the natural mortality of birds, for he had evidently met with a violent death; so we went back to wondering why no one ever does come across the remains of the wild birds and animals that we know must perish eqery year, or they would, in a few seasons, overrun the land.

As Westport is approached the country begins to look more inhabited and cultivated, and in many places rich cornfields, just ripe, looked doubly golden in the slanting rays of the evening sun, and in these fields the whole family worked hard, from the father and mother reaping the corn to the little children gathering and binding it into sheaves. Even the dog seemed full of busy importance, well knowing that the fine evening must be made the most of, and that he must bark round and cheer on the whole family to their work, and not allow them to stop too long looking after lazy tourists, who have nothing in life to do but go pleasuring.

THE COTTAGES

grew more frequent as each mile of road was passed, and the aspect of lovely, wild grandeur gradually gave place to other beauties, scarcely less attractive. One sweet glade reminded one of that far-famed "vale, in whose bosom the bright waters meet." It was close beside the road, and where two streams joined under one bridge to form a rapid river, fringed, and here and there overhung, by drooping trees, which closed over it after it had run a short way, hiding beneath their branches all but the rushing sound of the waters as they hurried on to join the sea.

A turn in the road, and what a sight there was far below us, and away to where the sun was taking his last lingering look for the day at perhaps the loveliest bay the sun sees in his world-wide rambles. At least the Irish may be pardoned for thinking that no bay in the universe can surpass Clew Bay in beauty, and I saw it for the first time in its most favorable aspect. Through an opening high up in the mountains we looked down on the sea, now one sheet of golden light, for the sun had just passed the lofty shoulder of Croagh Patrick, and was glorifying itself, and every object in view, with that magnificent brilliancy that it assumes just before it sinks into the ocean, and when it seems many times its ordinary size.

So it now appeared, lighting up the whole western sky and sea, the brilliant golden reflection broken here and there by the islands that lay in its track; and then, apparently some miles farther into the bay, shone a second sun, just as glowing as that in the sky above the horizon, it again sending its own vivid path of gold on and on through the waters, and in to the very land, while lofty Croagh Patrick, like the giant guardian of the scene, looked out from a soft haze. Every little island—and they are countless—either glowed in the sunshine or lay in hazy shadow, and, far out, almost like dim clouds, could be seen the high mountains on Achill and

CLARE ISLANDS.

It is impossible to refrain from speaking again and again of the marvellous beauty of these western sunsets, for nothing in nature can be lovelier, more full of brightness, of variety, of vivid, yet soft coloring; and of all spots in the west, I think Clew Bay is the place to see such a sunset in its full glory. For here is every variety of form that land and mountain can assume to enhance the loveliness of the rare evening tints, to be in return glorified by them. It is little wonder that our poetic forefathers should have looked often and long at the distant horizon, and have had many a fanciful legend of lands of everlasting youth and beauty and happiness, out in that lovely region where all is bright, where even the sun seems to become twice as large and glorious as he prepares to sink into "Tir-na-n-Oge" (the Land of Youth), which, according to the best authorities, lies directly out in the ocean, away beyond the farthest land that man can see when he stands on the summit of Croaghaun Mountain in Achill Island.

No man has ever come back to Ireland to recount the wonders of that happy country since the days of St. Patrick, when Ossian, the son of the great Fenian commander, returned and related to the Saint the story of his two hundred happy years of youth spent there with the beautiful bride who had visited Erin to tempt the renowned warrior away from his clan and his country to her home beyond the setting sun. He told how he had crossed the sea with her on her milk-white fairy steed; had dwelt ever young and ever happy, in that home of joy, until an irresistible longing once more to see his kindred and his native land took possession of his breast; he described how, in spite of his young wife's entreaties and sad presentiments, he mounted the snow-white steed and left Tir-na-n-Oge for a brief time, his wife's last words a warning that he must never, even for one instant, set foot on land, or his youth, his health, his beauty, his wonderful strength would fall from him like a mantle, and he should never again behold the Land of Youth, his wife, or children.

OSSIAN'S RETURN TO IRELAND

was a sad one. He found that—save in legend—no trace remained of his kin or of his grand old race; all things were changed—scarce could he recognize the place of his birth, and every face was that of a stranger. Oppressed and mournful, he set out on a farewell journey through his native country, before quitting it for ever, to return to his home in the Far West, to that land where nothing changes, nothing ages.

As Ossian journeyed sadly on, he one day passed an old man struggling with a burden beyond his strength, and, forgetting for one moment all but his desire to aid the weak and the aged, Ossian stooped to help the old man; he fell from his enchanted steed; immediately the spell was broken—youth, health, vigor, beauty, all vanished, and he lay, a weakly, decrepid, half-blind old man; nothing remained to him but the memory of what he had loved and lost, and could never regain. And, alas! the land of his youth and of his forefathers knew him not.

This was the tale Ossian related to St. Patrick, and which came back to my mind as I gazed on that beautiful bay, until, as I gazed, the stories of the far-off land seemed to become less unreal, and I could almost fancy I saw a shadowy Tir-na-n-Oge on the horizon.

I suppose it is a feeling common enough among people in general that intense longing that comes over one to go on, on to what is behind the horizon, especially when the sinking sun is flooding it with its molten gold. It is a feeling that often takes possession of those who live much in the country and at the western seaside, as does another strong fancy—to climb every mountain and look out beyond. This fancy is constantly tugging at one throughout the highland district, where endless visions present themselves of what must be below and away beyond each peak, as it takes its turn to appear the highest.—*Mary Banim in Dublin Freeman.*

POUNDING THE PURITANS.

Judge Moran's Lecture on the "Grim, Predestined" Race Before the Union Catholic Library Association.

A Notable Discourse.

Judge Moran's lecture on "What we Owe to the Puritans," delivered under the auspices of the Union Catholic Library Association, on Thursday evening of last week was very largely attended. The following excellent synopsis of the judge's remarks is taken from the *Herald:*

"We have been accustomed to hear and to read," said he, "constant and unstinted praise of the earlier settlers of the colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay, known as the puritans. Historians have with more or less industry given detailed accounts of their actions, and have sought to draw from those actions and proceedings conclusions complimentary to them. Poets have sung in their praise, and the saying has been made familiar to young and old that 'they left untouched what there they found—freedom to worship God.' Forefathers' Day has been made the occasion every recurring year for putting forward the claim, by those who seek to bask in the reflected glories of their puritan ancestors, that the liberties which we now enjoy as a people, and which so far exceed the liberties possessed by the people under any other organized government in the world, are the result and logical outgrowth of the doctrines and institutions practiced, created and maintained by the early settlers of the puritan colonies—in short, that Plymouth Rock is the corner-stone of the republic. Pride of ancestry is laudable, and the praise of it easy and generally harmless, but it should not be allowed to go so far as to blur the facts of history, and to credit to an impossible origin great principles of liberty and government, now held and cherished by our people."

Then the speaker referred at length to the institutions established by the puritans for themselves and the principles of government which they ordained and sought to perpetuate. The growing sentiment in the world in favor of greater civil liberty was a secondary consideration with the puritans. The government which they undertook to establish was a theocracy of biblical commonwealth. The state established by them existed only for the church, and only the members of the church could be freemen of the state and enjoy the privileges and immunities of freemen. The assumption that they were a people convenanted with God, and that their government was directed in detail by divine will, was distinctly a puritan idea, and an idea which has not survived puritanism. Under the conditions at the foundation of the puritan commonwealth religious liberty or religious toleration was impossible, and such an idea never had lodgment for a moment in the puritan imagination. Bancroft has said that puritans never persecuted for opinion's sake. That is a singular statement for a man to make who had access to the records of the puritan government.

The bitter, cruel, and relentless persecutions for opinion's sake maintained by the puritans for many years against quakers, anabaptists and people of other religious beliefs were mentioned by the lecturer at great length to show that tolerance was not only not a characteristic of puritanism, but that it was not an essential principle of their state.

"For no idea cherished by the American people to day," continued the speaker, "as essential to the maintainance of a republican government are we indebted to the puritans. The men who came in the Mayflower and those who later settled Massachusetts Bay held not the principles which gave birth to religious toleration, freedom of conscience or political liberty in the new world. The grim, gloomy and fanatical puritan was not, as some of his descendants would have us believe, the avant courier of the movement which was to culminate in the establishment of the great republic. He was the sturdy, courageous and uncompromising foe of the political truths on which the nation now rests. But, you ask, to the settlers of which of the colonies are we indebted for our most cherished doctrines of political freedom? Perhaps not to those of any colony, perhaps in some measure to all, including deputanized Massachusetts herself; in truth to all mankind and the history of the struggles of the human race. The republic is the result of the gathered political wisdom and experience of the past shaped on a recognition of man's natural rights and a trust in his capacity for self government. It has always been a source of just pride to us Catholics that the Catholic colonists of Maryland were the first to express in the form of law a recognition of what Judge Story calls the glorious and indefeasible rights of conscience. Speaking of Lord Baltimore, the founder, Bancroft says: 'He was the first in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice, and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; to advance the career of civilization by recognising the rightful equality of all christian sects. The asylum of the papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers which as yet had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a proprietor adopted religious freedom as the basis of the state. In 1649 the ever memorable act for religious freedom was passed in terms as follows: 'Whereas, the enforcing of the conscience in matters of religion hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous consequence in those commonwealths where it has been practiced, and for the more quiet and peaceable government of this province, and the better to preserve mutual love and amity among the inhabitants, no person within this province, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, shall be in any way troubled, molested or discountenanced for his or her religion, or in the free exercise thereof.' Thus says the historian already quoted: 'Did the star of religious freedom harbinger the day, though, as it first gleamed above the horizon, its light was colored and obscured by the mists and exhalations of morning.' Continuing to speak of Maryland, he says: 'The colonists enjoyed freedom of conscience not less than freedom of person and estate. The disfranchised friends prelacy from Massachusetts and the exiled puritans from Virginia were welcomed to equal liberty of conscience and political rights by the Roman Catholic proprietary of Maryland,' and again he says: 'Emigrants arrived from every clime, and the colonial legislature extended its sympathies to many nations as well as to many sects. From France came Huguenots; from Germany, from Holland, from Sweden, from Finland, I believe from Piedmont, the children of misfortune sought protection under the tolerant scepter of the Roman Catholic. The country of Jerome and of Huss sent forth its sons, who at once were made citizens of Maryland with equal franchises.' What a contrast to the policy of the Puritan commonwealth! If we are to find a colonial source for the foundation principles of our government, I ask in all candor to whom are we indebted, to the puritans of theocracy or the Catholic colonists of Maryland?

"What would have been the outcome of puritanism if it had been left to work out its logical results it is impossible to say. Certain elements of character it seemed to develop which considered by themselves must receive approval. Stern self control, frugality and industry the puritans had, blended with a certain ascetic piety, and some of those qualities they transmitted to their descendants, but the gloomy and despotic in the puritan faith began to lose its hold even upon the second generation. It had to be extirpated from the policy of a free state. The world moved for the descendants of the first puritans as well as for all others. Civil and religious liberty was making rapid progress in the old world as well as the new. The Catholic, who had been the chief object of the unrelenting hate of the puritan in England as well as in Massachusetts, was slowly but surely gaining toleration in the old world, and here, in all the states of the republic, as aiding by his numbers and by his influence, by the very persecutions and unjust discriminations to which in some of them he was subjected, to extend and establish religious liberty in all. The puritans of to-day have little even in the land of their inheritance that comes to them from their unlovely ancestors, and for all the glorious privileges of the political institutions which are so dear to us all of Americans we owe nothing to the puri[illegible]."

SONG OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

Ho! brothers, the beakers are brimming,
Red wine ripples over the rim;
And what though the tear-dew be swimming
In eyes that with yearning are dim;
Come, pledge we a cup to our sireland,
And drain a deep toast to her rights;
God bless them, our friends in old Ireland,
Our darlings so distant to-night!

We've carried the shamrock and lilies,
Knee-deep in the battles of France,
From Landen to bloody Ramillies,
With sweep of the sabre and lance.
Hurrah, boys, hurrah for the revel!
Farewell for awhile to the fight!
Come Saxon or Dutchman* or devil,
We'll keep merry Christmas to-night!

Brave hearts have flown forth from our number,
Since first from our isle we set sail;
The Seine and the Schledt soothe the slumbers
Of warm-hearted sons of the Gael.
Ah! Sarsfield sleeps far from the Shannon,
But Wild Geese† are thirsting galore,
When Limerick rings to our cannon,
To drink of the Sassenach's gore.

There's Dillon and Nugent and Lally
The boys of the rank and the file,
Will yet, heaven prosper us, rally
Around the free flag of our isle!
Oh! brothers, the Treaty of Sorrow
Heart-broken and falling of tears,
We'll wash on that glorious morrow.
Blood-red in the rain of our spears.

A health, boys; come fill up your glasses!—
To these we may never more see,
Our wives and our sunny-haired lasses,
We left by the Liffey and Lee.
God bless them! how bravely in battle
They stood 'mid the patter and balls,
The thunder of death, and the rattle
Of slaughter on Limerick's walls.

Hark! rings the reveille, 'tis so boys!
The bugle is blowing in camp!
They're over the border, the foe boys,
And list to the mustering tramp!
Come Saxon, or Dutchman or devil—
Oh, "cead mile failthe" to all,
One glass ere we rush from the revel,
Then on with the bayonet and ball.

* Referring to William III, of England, Prince of Orange.
† Recruits for the Irish Brigade.

—*Patrick J. Coleman in Philadelphia Freeman.*

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

The Chicago Hotel.

No. 156 South Clark street, near Madison, is centrally located, perfectly clean, and strictly respectable, situated over Brockway & McKee's celebrated restaurant, and yet you can get a room to yourself on the first floor for only 50 cents, baths free. Try it. P. S. CONDON, Manager.

THE JUST STEWARD.

The Auditing Committee, Composed of Experts and Business Men, Give the Patriotic Dr. O'Reilly a Clean Bill of Financial Health.

Parnell Discourages a Convention—Woe to the Libelers.

TO THE HON. JOHN FITZGERALD, PRESIDENT IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE OF AMERICA: — Pursuant to request, the undersigned met at the Russell House, in the city of Detroit, on January 29, 1890, for the purpose of auditing accounts of Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly, treasurer of the Irish National League of America. We at once completed our organization for work by electing Richard C. Cushing, Mayor of Omaha, as our chairman, and Philip McCahill, an expert accountant of St. Louis, Mo., as our secretary.

The committee then requested from yourself and the reverend treasurer a statement of the causes which induced you to call for this auditing, and we learned from such statement that the last national convention was held in Chicago in 1886, and that it had been your desire and also the desire of Rev. Dr. O'Reilly to have a national convention called in 1887, 1888 and 1889, but that such convention had been postponed in obedience to the wishes of Charles Stewart Parnell and his associates, concurred in by the Irish leaders in America.

We learned that the parliamentary party in Ireland still refused to call a national convention in America for reasons which to them appear entirely satisfactory, and the wisdom of which your committe do not question. Our sessions were held with open doors, free to the public and the representatives of the press. Your committee then proceeded to the work in hand.

We found a model system of books kept by the treasurer, consisting of a cash book, in which the daily receipts of moneys were entered, giving the names of the party remitting, the name of the organization (if any) raising the money, and the date [illegible] of the place from which the remittance came. The cash book was also ruled with columns showing various funds into which remittances were divided, with cross references to the ledger, where each fund was posted in detail. These various columns were footed up and carefully tested without finding any inaccuracy.

The credit of the cash books shows all disbursements and remittances, and for what purposes in detail.

Your committee also found a ledger arranged alphabetically in the order of states and countries with complete indexes for convenient references. In this ledger the treasurer has grouped all receipts so that the sums received from all sources could be soon seen, tested and examined in any method suggested by the committee. We examined each account with care, comparing the same with letters of remittance and other sources of information in order to test its accuracy. We also compared in detail those accounts with the credit side of the cash book and the original vouchers of expenses, and we report that in each instance we found the correspondence complete, and the requisite and satisfactory voucher on file for every expenditure.

The receipts for money sent to Ireland in each instance were signed by either Joseph G. Bigger, M. P.; T. Harrington, M. P., or Joseph E. Kenney, M. P., or by two of these gentleman, and bearing upon their faces unequivocal evidence of their authenticity, including the internal revenue stamp of the British government.

The reverend treasurer then submitted his "letter books" to the inspection of your committee, in which we found the letters written by him and his assistants on all subjects of League concern. These books contain impression copies of replies for remittances and an historical narrative of the workings of the League for three years, insofar as the financial operations are concerned.

Your committee find that the treasurer reported at the last national convention in August, 1886, a balance of $21,885.78; that he has since received from all sources, as shown by schedule herewith submitted, the sum of $237,992 79. That he has paid out for operating expenses of all kinds, a schedule of which we submit, the sum of $22 225,27. That he has remitted to Ireland, as shown by his vouchers, the sum of $237,248 08, and presented for examination and inspection of your committee a certified certificate of deposit in the Peninsular Savings Bank of Detroit, on the 1st day of January, 1890, for the sum of $20,335 32, thus accounting for all sums received in a manner unanimously approved by your committee.

The item of expenses of $22,225 27 not only includes the expenses incurred by holding the last national convention of the Irish National League of America at Chicago in, 1886, but also President Fitzgerald's salary of $3,000, which sum was by him donated back to the treasury, thus leaving the actual expenses at $19,225 27, being less than 7 per cent. of all moneys received.

We are led to say that upon the score of economy and honesty the League is to be congratulated upon the admirable manner in which its finances have been administered by the Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly, to whom a deep debt of gratitude is due for the onerous and responsible duties so faithfully discharged by him.

We recommend that a full detailed statement of all receipts and disbursements covered by this report be published in pamphlet form and distributed to the various branches of the League and all contributors.

We further recommend that all books and papers examined by this committee pertaining to this report be preserved and submitted to the next national convention for verification.

The report is signed by R. C. Cushing, chairman; J. J. O'Connor, William J. Gleason, Felix Carbray, J. W. Fitzgerald, Martin Battle, O'Brien J. Atkinson, Thomas Tuite and Philip McCahill, secretary.

The committe passed the following resolution:

WHEREAS, Prior to our adjournment the following cablegram was received:

"DUBLIN, Jan. 29, 1890, *John Fitzgerald, Detroit:*—Parnell strongly advises that no convention be held by League in America at present. General election probably pending. Urge our friends to redouble their efforts to place us in position for the contest. HARRINGTON AND KENNEY."

Resolved, That we respectfully request President Fitzgerald to issue a proclamation to the Irish race in America in keeping with the spirit of said cablegram from our national representatives in motherland urging them to renewed energies, and again manifest, as in the past, their unalterable devotion to Charles Stewart Parnell and the principles of home rule, of which he is the able, fearless and incorruptible champion, and the justly recognized lerder of our race.

The report and resolution were received and adopted.

ANECDOTES OF JOHN BANIM.

The following anecdotes of John Banim are related by a contributor to the old Dublin *Celt*, long since, unfortunately, defunct:

I remember well the first public occasion I ever saw John Banim. It was sitting in the Kilkenny citizens' club room. I was disturbed by a bustling movement, a heavy step was audible advancing up the stairs; it was John Banim's servant man carrying him from his carriage and carrying him up to the green baize-covered sofa allotted to him in the best corner of the room. Members pulled their chairs aside, and the fire was raked up into a better blaze, and men pressed officiously to bid him welcome. He was in his servant's arms, half reclining, half sitting up, his arms around the man's neck, so that his fingers were locked on his shoulders, his legs hung down helplessly, and his [illegible] told the sad story of paralytic wasting; his long and thin visage was made sadder still by the deep scaring of small-pox, and by the well-defined traces of anxious and painful thoughts, but his eyes were most expressive, pale, blue or grey, but large, prominent, broadly open, staring out of their sockets, they were full of meaning, and spoke to you before his lips moved. There was an energy of manner, a fiery gesticulation about him when he warmed with his subject, or became excited in narrating some anecdote, or reciting some piece of his own poetry, which he did in a most impassioned manner, and so as to impress himself with great power upon his auditory. His voice was deep and solemn, and his emphasis peculiarly impressive. Upon this occasion I heard him recite with deep pathos "Soggarth Aroon," and in a moment after heard him thunder out those lines written in reply to Wellington's threat of reconquering Ireland, "The Brigand, let him come," which he delivered with great power, and with an impressive fervor that shook his attenuated frame like so many electric shocks. At its conclusion, when the plaudits of a crowded room answered him, his pale face became fiery red, and his eyes actually sparkled.

It was upon that occasion that he narrated two anecdotes of his sojourn in France, which he visited just after the Revolution of 1830, and which event appeared to have awakened all his sympathies and aroused the full enthusiasm of his exquisitely poetic nature.

General Lafayette, then an old man, had waited upon him—the hero who had figured in three revolutions. Banim complimented him on that national guard in which he took such pride, and spoke of it as a grand new thought or suggestion to do away with standing armies and make every citizen a soldier.

"Sir," said Lafayette, "you, as an Irishman, may well refer to it with pride. We had the idea from you; the first National Guard the world ever saw was the Irish Volunteers."

"Oh," exclaimed Banim, when relating the anecdote to his fellow-townsmen, "it was the highest compliment ever paid me as an Irishman."

Then he told, among other anecdotes, of the three days revolution, how an old Parisian friend of his had suspended in his parlor the musket he carried on that occasion, and with it a solitary cartridge remaining of the powder he had used at the barricades.

"I asked him," said Banim, "to give me of that powner thirty-two grains."

"Thirty-two grains," said the Frenchman, "for what?"

"To sow one grain in every county in Ireland," replied Banim.

"My God, I would!" said the Frenchman, "if I thought it would grow."

Look here, Friend, Are you Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Nightsweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren st., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Floraplexion*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER X.

THE LEAGUE OF THE WHITEFEET.

The day was a bright and pleasant one when the farmers and their sons and laborers attended at the bog of Mullawnmore to make the landlord's turf.

The surroundings—I speak in a mental way—were not of the class to invite much amusement, or to create a spirit of fun in the hearts of those assembled. To begin with, they were working without recompense. Without the recompense even that might be suggested by a dinner. Who was there in Grangemore castle that would dream of such a thing, or go to the trouble of it? They had to bring their dinners with them. But they had, and their fathers before them, been accustomed to do "duty work" for Sir Hardinge and his father before him, so that there was nothing new, and, therefore, nothing strange in that. The probability—which rumor rapidly developed into certainty—of evictions being carried out—no one knew where the first might fall or commence—was what weighed, with all its uncertainties and dangers, most on their hearts.

There is something, however, in the Irish character that makes it utterly impossible, in the presence of a crowd or among a number of their kind, to allow feelings of melancholy or evil bodements to exist. These feelings are reserved for more solitary times, then to crop up in their full force and effect. Possibly, it is this that makes an Irish crowd so joyous, and that makes them so love races and other gregarious amusements. Possibly, also, that makes them affect so much the great cities of the New World, where, in the midst of the crowd, they can forget their private troubles. For, curiously, the loneliest islander that ever dwelt off the western coasts would prefer to live in one of the cities of the New World to owning an estate in the backwoods.

It was very likely this innate character in our people that has caused them to resist as a race, our people at all through the long ages of sufferings and persecutions, that made them so pleasant this day, and that made the bog lands of Mullawnmore ring with laughter and jokes.

Likely, also, the fine day, and the beauty of the surrounding country, and their own healthy frames had something to do with it. It was not easy for a young man with the life tide coursing in healthy flow through his body, impelled thereto by the exercise he was engaged in, to look up at the beauty of the summer sky, at the bright green of the landscape around him, at the waving meadows that bordered the bog-side, even at the beautiful white flowers of the "canavaun" that on their long stalks contrasted so with the pitch-black banks of the cut-away bog, and feel sorrow.

So that the day passed with pleasantness and good humor. The slane turf was cut by strong hands and carried off. The mould was cut down and thrown into the water, where it was trampled on by bare-legged, bare-footed youths until it was reduced to the consistency of pulp. This was flung up with scoops on to the dry bank, where it was taken up by men who, with their hands, kneaded it into that description of fuel known as hand turf, and carried it to the green bank to dry.

It was pleasant work, though the day was warm, and any accidental passer-by would certainly have thought it was a festive gathering that was being carried on. He would have been very slow to associate it with compulsory work done by serfs for their master without recompense or thanks.

So they worked with cheerful good humor, in which jokes and pleasantry were bandied about until dinner-time, when they all adjourned to the green banks to take their dinner. The green banks being merely a thin coating of grass growing over the dry and warm turf beneath, formed a very clean, pleasant, and comfortable place whereon to lounge during the dinner hour.

The dinner time must, however, be distinguished from the dinner hour, for the former lasted but half the latter time. The dinner was not of a very elaborate character. There was but little of the roast beef and plum pudding which distinguished our over-fed English neighbor's fancy.

It consisted merely of, in some cases, bread and new milk, in other cases bread and hard boiled eggs. Small diet people would say, who believe that gourmandising is necessary to life. And this was as good, or perhaps better, than they had on any other day except Sunday.

Yet it was marvellous to see the stalwart, lithe, active frames, that grew up under that regime.

Young fellows, eighteen, nineteen, and twenty years of age—broad shouldered, lithe limbed, five feet ten in height and straight as an ashen plant—were there by dozen. In cities we are accustomed to associate that age with what is stunted, boyish and immature; but in the bright air, healthy exercise, and untainted race of the workers of Mullawnmore, they rapidly developed into muscular manhood. And, whilst the broad shoulders, powerful arms, and lithe limbs of these young fellows betokened the strength of their manhood, the bright, pleasant eye and face, fair as a girl's, showed the health and almost primeval innocence that reigned within. A nation self-governed, and proud of a race of healthy citizens, would have cherished and preserved this stock of people as the apple of its eye, as the life-giving source of the world. The English government and their alter-ego, the landlords, were devising means whereby to drive them from out the land. And, looking at it from their point of view, they were right—quite right! Two parties so utterly antagonistic cannot live on the same land together. Impossible. Therefore one or other must go. The landlords, to do them justice, braced themselves up to their legitimate conclusion, and declared the people must go. And they set themselves about it with right excellent effect.

But the people? Well, the people had early in life been taught of a high ordinance whereby it was commanded to give every one his own, and of another equally high ordinance whereby it was ordered to obey your superiors. Were not the rents the landlords demanded their own? and were not the landlords and the government their superiors? Certainly. So they were told with all the solemnity of religious teaching, Sunday after Sunday.

Some spirits, however, maddened by the sight of the dreadful condition of the people; of the ruin and havoc that these clearances were making with the old race; of the sorrow that fell causelessly on young girls and innocent children; of the dreadful fate—worse than hell—that awaited their after life in foreign cities, began to doubt after all if the theology or morality so persistently preached to them was absolutely correct.

To begin with: "How had the people come into possession of the land, two hundred, three hundred, four hundred years ago?"

"By robbery, confiscation, or plunder."

"Well, that did not give them an honest hold then. Does it now?"

"Has God gone asleep during that time, and waked up to recognize it as right now?" If not, can anyone decide it to be right? Can even the government, or an act of parliament, make it right? Does it fall, is it a case that comes at all, under these divine ordinances?

In some such fashion as this they reasoned to the people. And, unlike many prophets, their seed fell on ground not stony and barren, but fertile with the tears of long suffering and affliction.

And it so happened that one of these prophets strolled down through the laughing diners on the grassy turf bank, towards the conclusion of the dinner.

No one would have taken him for a prophet coming to teach a new theology to the people, who looked at him. For he was a straight, tall looking youth, whose very slightness made him look taller than he was. He was the village schoolmaster. He was dressed neatly in black, which added perhaps to the exceeding pallor of his face. This latter was indeed excessively pale, except when a slight flush on the cheek showed itself. But there was in his eyes, as he looked around, or nodded to those whom he met, an amount of brightness, a rare glance of pleasant intelligence, a good look of recognition, so open and so friendly, that made people forget the deathly pallor of his face and think it truly handsome. We add
qu
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often
friend
never live to comb a grey head"—a quaint prophecy that uttered in the country in reference to some young person, sounds with the force of doom; and that he was barely twenty-two—it is no wonder that there was a kindly welcome for him as he moved up towards the workers.

"That's a good jump, Charley," said he to one young fellow, who, stripped to his shirt and pants, was after making a terrific leap in his bare feet from one turf bank to the other, over the intervening space of bog water—pretty much as an active fellow might run in his bare feet at and clear the locks of a canal.

The young fellow addressed, having landed the other side, tossed his head up pleasantly, squared himself erect, and said with a confident laugh, as of one who knew his strength and suppleness—

"I think so, Mr. Canavan."

"Does he call that a good jump, Mr. Canavan?" said another young fellow, similarly attired, coming down to the bank in his bare feet, and taking note of the distance across. "Look at this!"

He ran back, turned round, ran for the jump again, and, lifting himself clean into the air, flew over the cavern of bog water with the lightness of a deer."

"Oh, that's nothing! Watch this, Mr. Canavan! Watch this!"

And another, jumping up from his recumbent position, ran up to the spot, tightened his belt around him, and essaying the jump, cleared it too.

The emulation produced by this extended itself to the rest, and in a few minutes a dozen others had set the marks of their white feet on the opposite bank.

"That's good work, boys; that's fine jumping; I don't think I ever saw better," said the prophet approvingly, with a smile.

"Ah yes, Mr. Canavan; that was easy enough. That was jumping down-hill. To leap back will be jumping up-hill. Let me see who'll follow me there! Stand aside for a minit, boys! Clear the way!"

Through the passage thus formed Charley faced the jump upwards; took a short run; placed his foot on the bank, and, with a prodigious force of muscle, landed on the other side. He had not assured himself altogether of his standing, for it was with much exertion and waving of arms that he prevented himself from falling backwards into the bog water that filled for a great depth the interval between.

"Only middling enough that was!" said his successor in the first leap, with good humored sarcasm. "Clear the way for me, boys!"

And, with step light as the fleeing roe, he ran to the leap, and landed solidly and firmly a couple of feet on the further bank.

In which he was followed with more or less success by the others, some of them landing well in, and some on their hands and knees, or falling on their breasts against the yielding bank.

"You're training them all up to beat yourself," said Mr. Canavan pleasantly. "It would not be the first time people did that, Charley."

"Not yet, Harry Canavan. Not yet, anyhow. Their mothers 'll have to feed 'em a little longer before they can do that," said Charley with some embarrassment at his late partial defeat, but with perfect consciousness of his superiority.

"I don't think they will," said his nearest rival. "I am able to jump any man on the bog to-day."

"Well," said Charley in answer to the note of defiance, "there was only one in the whole country that could come up to me or beat me at leapin' or wrestlin', and that was Kevin Moore. Now that he's gone—poor fellow—I am prepared to take his place, and jump or wrestle any man here or elsewhere. Who'll take me up?"

"I will," said his opponent.

"All right; we'll try it out this minute, said Charley, whose good humor and high spirits were rapidly degenerating into passion and vehemence; "on the bog here now, in presence of all."

"No," said the prophet, gently interfering, when he say that the friendly struggle was going too far; "there is no necessity for that. Certainly not for any wrestling here to-day. There is no use in quarreling about nothing."

"See, Mr. Cannavan," said Charley. "The story is not to go off the bog of Mullawnmore to-day that I'm not the best man. I say I am."

"And I say *I* am," said his competitor.

"Very well," said Charley, "here's the way to end it. I'll leave it to Harry Canavan if it isn't. Over the way is the biggest jump ever jumped in this country. It was the jump Kevin Moore made, poor fellow! Let whoever jumps that to-day be the best man."

The prophet decided that this was fair, equitable, and peaceful; and thitherward they all, young and old, who had by this time become deeply engaged and interested in the discussion, proceeded.

The leap was, there was no mistaking it, a terrific one. None but those whose bodily powers were in their highest order could afford to essay it. Between two high banks, separated by some thirty feet, lay a deep pool of stagnant water. The turf having been carved straightway down, the banks were clearly defined and sharp as the edge of a knife. The leap should, therefore, be a clean one, and moreover, the leaper should go in some distance on the further bank, else the uncertain strength of the turf footing might give way, and precipitate him backwards into the water.

A clear passage was made among the men assembled, for the leapers. Very few in the crowd believed that either would succeed, the leap looked such a tremendous and impossible one.

A toss up was called for between the two rivals, as to who should have the first jump. Charley's antagonist won it.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

FROM NEW YORK.

A Long and Exciting Race—The Grip and the Doctors—A New Amusement for the Children.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—The great excitement of the week has been the flying trip around the world, which was undertaken simultaneously by two young journalistic women, and which has just been concluded. Miss Bly, who was sent out by the *World*, made the circuit in an easterly direction, first going acro
while Miss Bisland, of th
Magazine, traveled in the
tion. That the circuit of
be made in less than eigh
has heretofore been regard
is now conclusively estab
arrival of Miss Bly, on Sat
ing made the trip in seven
this writing, Miss Bisland
sea, though she left Liver
day, the 18th, and had the
fast one she would have
York two or three days ag
ity given to this race arou
and the interest taken, have proven good
educators. Maps and time tables have
been scanned as never before, and thousands have been figuring up days, hours, minutes and seconds until thoroughly bewildered.

DOCTORS DENOUNCED.

Now that the ill-named "grip" has practically passed away, the doctors are coming in for a large amount of well-deserved criticism. People who were led to believe that the epidemic was nothing more than a liberal dose of sneezing, have become indignant to find that it was really a great auxiliary to pneumonia, bronchitis and consumption. The serious nature of these latter were well known, but to laughingly allow the doors to be opened to these diseases under a misleading name seems very much like imposition. Either the doctors knew the seriousness of this epidemic, or they did not. If they knew it, why did they not caution the public? If they did not know it, then why not? There is a weak spot somewhere, and I, for one, would like an explanation. The public are just beginning to realize that an epidemic which adds a hundred deaths in a day is hardly a matter for amusement.

USING THE ELEPHANTS.

The Board of Park Commissioners has ordered one of the Central Park elephants to be fitted out with a howdah, which is a sort of basket for carrying passengers, such as is seen in the East. The idea is to use the elephant for both pleasure and profit—pleasure to the children who frequent the park, and profit to the managers of the enterprise, who will charge the children 5 cents a ride. Central Park Jennie, which is the animal's real name, is already getting into condition for her summer's work. She has been taught to kneel and treat the children with kindness, and act as a good elephant should. She is said to be very gentle and a favorite with the young folks. Her new rig will be a gorgeous affair and will no doubt prove a great attraction to our little ones. Donkey rides and goat rides will hereafter take back seats.

EDWIN ARLINGTON.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all other throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all other Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

NAUGHTY AUTHORS.

Eleanor Kirk Accuses Two of Them of Literary Piracy.

One of the Alleged Culprits a Clergyman.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 3.—The shrubs in our parks have not only budded, but many of them are in full bloom. This is the cause of great perturberation of spirit to the pessimist. There will be no fruits and no crops next summer they say, and not only do they prophecy that we shall all starve to death, but that we shall die at the same time of the cholera. Nature does really seem to be in a tantrum. Ever since she whirled the blizzard into the eastern states, there has been no dependence to be placed in her. "Nature," as Emerson says, "has always been careless of the individual," but she has seemed in former days to be regardful of "the greatest good of the greatest number." Let us not bear down too heavily on the aggravating old Dame, even in these days of winter buds and blossoms. If there is neither law nor gospel in the universe and every thing rushes forward in a higgledy-piggedly devil-take-the-hindmost plan, it will not do any good to worry about it. Dut if, as I believe with all my heart and soul, there is infinite order in all this seeming chaos, there must be a good and sufficient reason for mid-winter flowers. Many of nature's processes are as awful as they are inexplicable. But let us wait and be strong, let us take the words of Francis E. Abbot right into our hearts, and believe with him, that "he who possesses the 'Inner Light' beside which all other lights are wandering wills-o-the-wisp, knows himself to be in absolute security, come what may, so long as he walks the path of destiny by the clear and steady radiance it sheds, and lifts up his soul in secret loyalty and adoration to Him from whose infinite being all human knowledge is a shining ray."

If the affair were not so very tragic and distressing, I should be amused at the number of communications concerning the murder of Mrs. Myra Kniffin. Not a single correspondent of my own sex believes that Miss Emma Pursel was in any way connected with the crime. It has been very common lately for detectives to look inside of the house for the murderer instead of outside, and some have perhaps wrongfully surmised that the reason for this was because it was less work. Gabourion's "Lecoq" always accused—in his mind—all the relatives and friends at first—and when he had acquitted them he sought the criminal elsewhere. This is a good rule perhaps where the accusation is only made "in the mind." But when charges are publicly set forth and arrests follow charges before an atom of proof is found, or a motive suspected, there certainly seems "a screw loose somewhere." If Miss Pursel is found not to have murdered her cousin and bosom friend, where will the responsibility rest for the agony which she has been compelled to endure? Experience answers "nowhere," and experience is right.

A lady writer, author of some ungrammatical trash, and who, according to the person employed to blow her horn, has made more money than Dickens, Thackeray, and Dumas put together, has at last come to grief. She has been not only accused of pilfering from "A Golden Heart," by Miss Braeme, but the charge has been proven. In a column and over, of the New York *World*, Miss ——'s extracts from Miss Braeme are placed side by side with the latter's work, and speak for themselves. It is a clear case, and no amount of protesting will avail.

I am sorry to say that the Rev. ——— has had a similar accusation brought against him by the well-known writer for the press, "Flaneur," and the charge is as perfectly proven as in Miss ———'s case.

In "Outcasts of the New Years," copyrighted and all rights reserved by the Rev. ———, this saver of souls from falsehood and theft, this distributor of free passes to the other world, has cribbed from Guy De Maupassant's charming story called "On the Journey," which appears in his book entitled "The Odd Number." Not only is the first of the story the same, but the language is identical in many passages. There they stand side by side, and as in Miss ———'s case, they can neither be excused nor explained. Miss ——— has already stoutly denied not only reading "The Golden Heart" but reading novels generally, her reason for not doing so being that she might sometimes be accused of plagiarism. Very thin, Miss ———, very thin indeed.

Does it not seem strange to be talking of and planning spring and summer styles at this time? Yesterday was a crisp, glorious, just-right winter day, and as I went from place to place to find out for my readers what was, and what was not, going to be, I could not help smiling at the thought of tissues and lace net, and organdies, but the newest patterns of all the thin goods are now shown to customers. Among the various materials which particularly attracted me, and which are to be the rage for morning, seashore, and mountain dresses for women and children, and being sold even now for present use, is the Toile du Nord. As I examined piece after piece of these lovely goods, in plaids and broken plaids, and stripes of every conceivable design, all of them shaded as exquisitely as the finest silks, and with almost as much of a lustre, warranted to wear and to wash, and all for 12½ cents, I said "Verily, no one need go without a handsome dress," and I did not wonder at the rush to make them up. The manufacturer of the Toile du Nord started ten years ago in Fitchburg, Mass., with only thirty-four looms, and with the intention of making the very best goods for the very smallest prices. Now they have fifteen hundred looms, and these are kept busy from year's end to year's end turning out Toile du Nord and other beautiful fabrics. In my next week's letter I will tell the latest styles for making up these exquisite goods.

ELEANOR KIRK.

GAELIC PROSE.

Notaidh air Staid na Gaedhilge.

[*From the Irish-American.*]

An bh-fuil cúis na Gaedhilge ag dul air aghaidh mar ba chóir dí a bheith? Sin í an cheist a chuirim orm féin go minic, act ní féidir liom go cogusach freagra deimhnightheach a thabhairt uirri. Is sí barramhail mórán daoineadh neimheolach go bh-fuil obair mhór, mheasamhail 'g a deunamh i d-taoibh teangan na h-Eireann do mhúineadh agus do leathnughadh—ni amháin in Eirinn, acht ins an d-tír so. Do'n gheur-bhreathnuightheoir, có'n t-é a lean go dúthrachtach, slighe na cuise tíoramhla sin air fead na duisin bliadhan a chuaidh thart go deighionach, ní'l an obair a tá deunta, no an obair a tá 'g a deunamh, mór, taithneamhach, no tairbheach, do réir an ama a tá caithte uirri.

Anois, a leightheoiridhe, na measaidh air feadh mómeinte gur lochduightheoir nádúrtha a tá ionnam; na measaidh gur rugadh me le aicid an lochduighthe in m'fhuil no in mo chnámhaibh; oir gealtaim sul eríochnuighim na páipéir so ias a "American Eireannach," go d-tabharfad dearbhadh dhaoibh nach bh-fuil mo chasaoid gan fáth, agus go bh-fuil "níos mó toite no teineadh" in ár measg i d-taoibh na Gaedhilge.

Ní deirim nach bh-buil cúis na teangan sin ag dul air aghaidh beagán; acht deirim, agus deirim é ós árd, nach bh-fuil an chúis ag dul chum cinn mar ba chóir dí a bheith. Admhuighim go toileamhail go bh-fuil níos mó sgríobhtha i m-Beurla i d-taoibh na Gaedhilge anois 'ná do bhidheadh beagán bliadhan ó shoin; admhuighim mar an g-céadna go bh-fuil níos mó *cainte* i d-taoibh na Gaedhilge anois 'ná do bhidheadh beagán bliadhan ó shion; acht innisidh dam an bh-fuil níos mo sgriobhtha ins an n-Gaedhilig anois 'ná do bhidheadh deich m-bliadhan ó shoin?

Deir ár námhaid mórán neitheadh neimhfhíor um ár g-cine, acht mar an g-céadna, "buaileann siad an tairnge air a g-ceann" air uairibh agus taisbeánann siad ár lochda dhúinn in iomad modh go minic, gidh gur le dí-mheas a deuntar leo é. Mar shómpla, deir siad nach bh-fuilmid buan-seasmhach mar chinidhibh eile an domhain, agus gurab' é nós na n-Eireannach, glacadh go cineálta air feadh tamaill bhig air d-tús le gach corrughadh tíorambail nuadh a cuirthear air bun, acht i g-ceann beagáin aimsire go bh-fuaruigheann a n-grádh, no go bh-fuil sé bronnta air chorrughadh éigin eile níos nuaidhe agus níos taithneamhaighe. Is féidir nach bh-fuil an breitheamhnas sin ceart go h-iomlán, acht i d-taoibh cúise na Gaedhilge tá sé beagnach dearbhtha. Nuair do cuireadh cumainn Gaodhalach air bun ins an d-tír so air d-tús, bhí spreagadh mór spioraide ameasg na n-Eireannach. Air feadh tamaill bhig bhí obair mhaith 'g a deunamh; bhí an "Americán Eireannach,"—oir ba h-é sin an t-aon phaipeur amháin air fud na Stáid Aontuighthe a chlodhbhuail Gaedhilig 'sna laethibh sin—líonta le litreachaibh bréagha Gaodhalacha ó sheachtmhain go seachtmhain. Go deimhin bhí radhare dóthchasach rómhainn; agus dúbhras lem' chárdibh: "fanaidh; bidh-idh foighideach air feadh beagáin aimsire, agus ní baoghal nach m-beidh bárr líonmhar sgoláiridh amháin go m-béidh paipeur miosamhail cloddhbhuailte againn i n-Gaedhilig, acht béidh leath-duisin páipeur seachtmhaineamhail air fud na tíre, agus ní fada go g-cluinfear an Ghaedhilig 'ga labhairt agus 'ga léigheadh in gach bothán fir Eireannaigh ó Nuadh-Eabhrac go Cathair Naoimh Phroinsis, agus ó Abhainn Naoimh Lorcáin go Cathair Naoimh Auguistín." Gan amhrus ba dheas an radharc a mheasas, acht do bhí me óg agus alabhfiosach air neamh-bhuanas an chinidh Eireannaigh; oir mar bhógha uisge na spéire, d'imthigh agus d'eulaigh an radhare aotbhinn do chum mo shúil agus m' intinn sar-dhóthchasach; d'fhuaraigh an spioraid tír-ghrádhach i g-croidhthibh na n-Eireannach cho h-obann agus d'éirigh sí íonnta; agus creud tá fágtha linn, fiafruighim? Tá aon Irisleabhair cló-ibhuailte in Atha-Cliath; tá an t-Irisleabhar measamhail sin, ba chóir a bheith ceannuighthe agus léighte leis na mílibh daoineadh, "ag cougbháil," mar a deirthear," a chinn os cionn uisge; tá se cló-ibhuailte—ní le h-airgiod a léighiheoridh, mar a tá páipéir eile cló-ibhuailte—acht le h-airgiod díoltá ó mhí go mí as pócaidhibh dá fhear tíoramhail de Chumann Aondachda na Gaedhilge. 'San tír so tá sian gan Irisleabhar air bith, agus gidh go g-cló-ibhuailean do phaipeur féin Gaedhilig ó sheachtmhain go seachtmhain, tós, dé'n Ghaedhilig a foilleighthear ann, ní'l an cheathramhadh cuid dí sgríobhtha i n-Gaedhilig láthairighin.

Sin agaibh mar a mhaireann stáid na Gaedhilge faoi dheareadh sgríobhnóra na líneadh so: acht do dhuine nach n-glacann spéis cho mór uirri; do dhuine nach léigheann acht na cúntais árd-fuaimneacha beuris a tá sgríobhtha in a taoibh, feisthear dó go bh-fuil gach nidh ag dul air agaidh go breágh; oir tá fógartha ins na páipeuraibh gach seachtmbain 'sa n-m-bliadhain, ag rádh go bh-fuil sgoil nuadh ins an m-baile úd, go bh-fuil ceud sgoláire ag an sgoil so; dá cheud sgoláire ins an sgoil sin; go m-beidh roinn graiméir curtha air bun le oide ro-léighceanta ins an sgoil so a n-dúl; agus go m-beidh roinn ceoil ag cleachdadh 'san sgoil úd a márach. Tá na cúntais so maith agus ró-mhaith; sásuigheann siad mórán daoineadh, agus go h-áirighthe sásuigheann siad na daoine a sgríobhas iad. Go deimhin cuireann siad fonn gáire orm féin 'nuair a léighim iad—nidh nach bh-fuil; furus do dheunamh, oir is duine an-gruamach mé do réir baramhla mo charad. Tá na sgoiltesctha agus na cumainn agus na ronna so 'na g-cur air bun gach lá air feadh deich m-bliadhan agus níos mó, do réir na g-cuntas ins na páipeuraibh, acht cá bh-fuil na céudta no na mílte sgoláiridh ba cóir a bheith múinte iomta air feadh na m-bliadhan fada sin? Cá bh-fuil na sgríobhnóiridh a chur na sgoiltesctha so ustha? Cá bh-fuil lorg a lamh? Ní'l a n-obair le feicsin in do phaipeur-sa no in aon phaipeur eile a chlódhbhuailens Gaedhilig ins an mór-thír so. Fiafruighim arís cá bh-fuil siad? Ag súil nach m-béidh mé a bh-fad gan freagra mo cheiste d'fhághail, is mé.

Do sheirbhíseach casaoideach.

FELIM UA TUATHAIL.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

FOR THE CURE of the inflammation and congestion called "a cold in the head" there is more potency in Ely's Cream Balm than in anything else it is possible to prescribe. This preparation has for years past been making a brilliant success as a remedy for cold in the head, catarrh and hay fever. Used in the initial stages of these complaints Cream Balm prevents any serious development of the symptoms, while almost numberless cases are on record of radical cures of chronic catarrh, after all other modes of treatment have failed.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 9:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gallgan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2994 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. I. Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 6:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 668 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 548 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2026 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 28th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2543 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomucuk Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 206 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 8, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 95 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Kilian Schloesser, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clarkst.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Carolina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 884 Ashland av.

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of McGregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St. John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 688 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Huribut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 224 Huribut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 5 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 169 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2954 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Bathe, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. R. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 831 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Pierpont sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's — Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 70 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a.m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. R. Dehnke, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 220 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1466 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 7 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heidmann, pastor. Residence 3019 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—264 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. F. Koslowski, pastor. Residence 226 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Radziejowski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

WASHINGTON IN GLOOM.

A Horrible Calamity Occurs at the Capital City.

SECRETARY TRACY'S BEREAVEMENT.

His Wife and Daughter Taken from Him Without a Moment's Notice.

The Residence of the Secretary of the Navy Catches Fire at an Early Hour in the Morning and Before the Flames are Extinguished His Daughter and a French Maid are Burned to Death—Mrs. Tracy Leaps from a Window and is Killed—The Secretary's Condition.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 3.—Mrs. Tracy, wife of Secretary Tracy, his youngest daughter, and Josephine, a French maid, as a result of a fire in Secretary Tracy's house Monday morning, now lie dead. Secretary Tracy is suffering from the effects of inhaling smoke. Mrs. Wilmerding, the eldest daughter of Secretary Tracy is in a semi-conscious condition, suffering from soreness and a sprained wrist. Miss Alice Wilmerding, 13 years of age, Secretary Tracy's grand-daughter, is suffering from nervous prostration and shock.

The First Alarm.

It was about 7 o'clock in the morning when flames were seen issuing from the windows and roof of Secretary Tracy's handsome residence 1634 I street, northwest. The neighborhood had not yet awakened, and all around was still. Within the residence not a sound was heard except the cracking of the flames. Soon the front door of the mansion was opened and two male servants were seen to emerge and run for their lives. Figures robed in white then appeared at the windows. The fire gained headway rapidly and although the fire department responded promptly, the residence was enveloped in flames when it arrived.

Death of Mrs. Tracy.

Secretary and Mrs. Tracy occupied the back room of the second story. Mrs. Tracy, it is thought, was first awakened by the suffocating smoke. Secretary Tracy was at the time unconscious, and Mrs. Tracy with heroic devotion attempted to drag the inanimate body of the secretary to the window. In this she partially succeeded. Half-dazed and blinded by the smoke she opened the window, and just as the firemen were putting up a ladder to rescue her she leaped to the sidewalk. Her body was picked up, with severe internal injuries and a broken leg. She was taken to a neighboring house and without recovering consciousness died within an hour.

Rescue of Secretary Tracy.

The ladder which would have saved Mrs. Tracy's life, had she waited but a brief moment before leaping to the sidewalk, was soon placed under the window, and strong hands lifted the body of Secretary Tracy through it and carried him to the sidewalk. The secretary was at first thought to be dead; but it was discovered that a small spark of life yet remained. He was removed to the residence of Mr. Bancroft Davis near by, and at 11 o'clock was reported as improving, though at that time he had not gained consciousness, and was of course unaware of the death of his wife and daughter. Miss Tracy, the secretary's unmarried daughter, occupied the third-story front room and met a fate that was terrible to behold.

Miss Tracy's Horrible Death.

The young lady could be seen at the window in the light that flickered in between the blinding smoke and flames, clad in a white robe, her hands in the attitude of prayer and her face uplifted to Heaven. The flames gradually hemmed her in and she finally sank to the floor, only to be recognized again by her charred remains. A French maid, Josephine, met a similar fate in an adjoining room where her charred and blackened remains were found. Mrs. Wilmerding, Secretary Tracy's married daughter, and her daughter Miss Alice, occupied the second story front room on the same floor with secretary and Mrs. Tracy. Both she and her daughter jumped from the windows to the grass terrace below, and while the shock to both was severe, neither received, so far as is now apparent, any serious injury.

The Injuries.

Mrs. Wilmerding had her right wrist badly sprained. She is lying hysterical, and in a half-dazed condition, but is rapidly improving under treatment. Miss Alice is suffering from shock. The bodies of Mrs. Tracy and Miss Tracy have been removed to the residence of Attorney General Miller. Mrs. and Miss Wilmerding are at Dr. Baxters, but will be taken to the residence of Senator Hale. Around all these residences great crowds congregated as soon as the sad news spread and remained all during the morning. Carriages and messengers were stopping at the doors momentarily.

The of Story a Servant.

R. C. Turner, a servant at the Tracy mansion, says he was up and dressed before 7 o'clock and was prepared to go up-stairs to clean the silver. He slept in the basement. "Just as I was starting up-stairs" said he, "a colored man rang the bell and told the butler, who answered it, that the house was on fire."

The butler ran up-stairs, and immediately rushed back shouting: "My God, the house is on fire."

The entire first floor was in flames. We ran out the front door. Mrs. Wilmerding and her daughter were at the front second-story window screaming for help. The fire department seemed demoralized and both the ladies shortly jumped. Neither struck on their feet, but fell on their sides."

Heroic Work of the Fire Chief.

Chief Parris, of the fire department, one of the first to enter the house, relates his experience as follows: "I paid no attention to the fire when I heard there were people in the house. I felt my way through the smoke to the second floor and found a man in bed in a room. I tried to pick him up but he was almost too heavy. I managed to drag him into a back room where there was more air and then I broke the window out and called to Lowe, who was in the alley, to run up a ladder. Then they took the man out, and it proved to be the secretary. I couldn't move him any further, for I was exhausted and full up to the neck with smoke. Then I went back into the smoke and fire again and found a young lady—Miss Mary Tracy, they tell me it was, and as I caught hold of her wrists to lift her up the flesh came off her burning hands. She had been burned. I got her out but she was dead. That exhausted me; I could do no more." The latest reports from the injured are that they are recovering as rapidly as is possible.

Supposed Cause of the Fire.

There are several stories as to the cause of the fire, but the most plausible one appears to be that it was the result of a defective flue. The insurance on the Tracy house amounts to $25,000, divided equally among the following named companies: Ætna and Hartford, of Hartford, Conn.; the Springfield of Massachusetts and the Franklin of Philadelphia. The insurance on the furniture is estimated at $8,000, which is divided between several companies. The fire burned nearly five hours, it being nearly 12 o'clock when the last engine was dismissed. The house is completely gutted. Firemen, assisted by laborers, are at work among the ruins saving what valuables the flames did not consume.

The President at the Secretary's Bedside.

President Harrison just returned from the bedside of Secretary Tracy who he reports resting as comfortable as can be expected in the circumstances. About 11 o'clock Mr. Tracy recovered consciousness and asked President Harrison where Mrs. Tracy was. The president could not answer the question. Mr. Tracy evidently feeling that her escape was almost impossible, asked, "Is she dead?" Still the president could not answer the question of his friend, and Mr. Tracy apparently realizing the truth from the president's hesitancy, at once swooned and remained unconscious for half an hour. Recovering he asked for his daughters. The president told the secretary that his daughter, Mary, was dead, and again Mr. Tracy swooned. Secretary Tracy's physicians say that he is out of danger.

Sad Day in Washington.

With Mrs. Tracy and Miss Tracy, and Mrs. Coppinger, Secretary Blaine's daughter, all lying dead, Secretary Tracy seriously ill and his health permanently impaired, governmental circles are enshrouded in sadness and gloom. President Harrison as soon as he heard of the calamity sent assistance from the executive mansion to aid the bereaved family, and followed himself to inquire what assistance he could render, and at this hour, 11:45 a. m., is still with Mr. Tracy. The members of the cabinet, with whom Secretary Tracy was very popular, were among the first to call. They were all shocked beyond measure at the calamity, and placed their respective houses at the disposal of the afflicted family.

The Secretary's Family.

Mrs. Benjamin F. Tracy, the wife of Secretary of the Navy, was in the 60th year of her age. Gen. Tracy, who was born and brought up in Owego, N. Y., married Miss Catlin in 1854. They resided in the place until 1865, when they moved to Brooklyn, where their home has since been. Three children have blessed their union. Two are daughters and the other a son. Mrs. Emma L. Wilmerding, the eldest daughter is a widow with one child. Mrs. Wilmerding has resided with her family since her husband's death and went with them to Washington. Frank B. Tracy, the only son, favors his father in appearance and in his business ability. He is 30 years old and unmarried. He now lives at home, and only spends in Washington what time he can spare from his fathers business. Miss Mary Tracy, the unmarried daughter, one of the victims of the disaster, was like her mother in appearance. She was very amiable and had hosts of friends who will be horrified to learn of her dreadful fate.

DAMAGING CHARGES MADE.

A Receiver Appointed for the Spaulding Iron Works.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 1.—A telegram from Steubenville, Ohio, says: The filing of a petition asking for a receiver to take charge of the Spaulding Iron works, located at Brilliant, near here, has caused quite a sensation. Many ugly and damaging charges are set forth in the petition. The management is charged with gross mismanagement, selling at a loss, etc. The sale of the works, it is alleged, under the Spaulding management is said to have reached $2,000,000, and to have been exclusively controlled without proper accounts being kept by them, or being able to account for the disposition of stock or how much per ton the muck iron cost at any time. The receiver was appointed at the request of Thomas B. Taylor, of Steubenville, and other stockholders, plaintiffs, against the Spaulding Iron company.

Ex-Governor Gray Not a Candidate.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 1.—A conference between Senator Voorhees and ex-Governor Gray was held here at the residence of the latter. At its conclusion ex-Governor Gray said to a reporter: "It has been all mere supposition that I was in the field as a candidate for the senatorship. I have never said that I was a candidate. The feeling between Senator Voorhees and myself is friendly, and I shall give him my hearty support." In consideration of this withdrawal of Gray's opposition to the candidacy of Voorhees for re-election it is understood that the senator has pledged the ex-governor his support as a candidate for the nomination for vice president in 1892.

Interview with Silcott.

TERRE BONNE, Que., Feb. 1.—Edward Silcott, ex-cashier in the sergeant-at-arm's office of the United States house of representatives, who absconded Nov. 30 with more or less money belonging to the members, has been interviewed here. He said: "As to the charge of forgery, that is all bosh. There is scarcely a member of the house to whom I did not advance his pay every month and receive notes as receipts. When I left Washinton for New York I had not the remotest idea of leaving the United States. As to the money I am accused of decamping with I assure you I had but very little when I left New York."

The Montana Difficulty.

HELENA, Mont., Jan. 29.—In the case of Thompson, Republican, who claims a seat in the legislature on a state canvassing board certificate, and who applied for a mandamus to compel the auditor to issue him a warrant for salary, the supreme court has rendered a decision granting the writ of mandamus. The Republicans claim that this legalizes the organization of the house by the Republicans, but the Democrats say that it has no such effect.

Kunze Anxious for Trial.

CHICAGO, Feb. 1.—John Kunze, the little German suspect, who is now out on $5,000 bail, walked into Judge Clifford's court Friday morning, in company with his attorney, and demanded a new trial. State's Attorney Longenecker sent up word that he was not ready to go on with the trial, and the case was postponed until the next term of court.

Death of an Old Stage Driver.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y., Jan. 29.—Amos A. Goodale, who had charge of the Spring house busses for fifteen years, died Tuesday aged 70 years. For over thirty years he was a stage driver from Herkimer to this place.

Capt. Schuettler's Victim Dead.

CHICAGO, Feb. 1.—"Bob" Gibbons, the north side saloon keeper and politician who was shot by Capt. Schuettler in a saloon on Randolph street Tuesday night, died about 9 o'clock Friday morning.

PROMISE OF THE FIELDS

The Growing Wheat in Illinois and Other States.

HOW THE GROWING GRAIN LOOKS.

An Abundant Harvest in Prospect if Conditions Remain Favorable—An Increase of Acreage and Condition of the Crop—Amount of the Cereal Still in Northwestern Graneries—Kansas Sends a Gratifying Report.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 3—From reports received at the department of agriculture from its crop correspondents it appears that the area seeded to winter wheat in the state last fall to be harvested in 1890 was 2,062,388 acres, which is nearly 10 per cent. more than was seeded the year before. The condition of the crop was never more promising on Feb. 1. Owing to the mild, open winter the seed has grown from the time it fell from the drill last fall to the present date, the plant has made a heavy, vigorous growth, and it is the exception where the ground is not now covered from view. The general condition of the plant will compare favorably with that of the 1st of April in average seasons. Should the conditions remain favorable until harvest it is predicted that the average yield per acre of 1890 will exceed that of any year in the wheat growing history of the state.

Effect of Water and Weather.

The recent freshets and overflows have not been so disastrous to the growing wheat as had been expected, as reports coming from the immediate sections show that a much less area subject to overflow was seeded last fall than usual. During the phenominally warm weather in January there was some complaints of ravages by the fly in the central portion of the state, but the damage could not have been serious, as no such complaints have been heard since the recent cold weather. Some damage is anticipated from the wire worm in the southern portion of the state to wheat sown on sod.

Amount Needed for Seed.

Of the 37,201,000 bushels of wheat produced last season it took 2,736,000 bushels of seed the area now covered with the growing crop, rating one and one-third bushels per acre for seed for home consumption. Estimating four bushels per capita, it requires 13,500,000 bushels to bread the people of the state for one year. Based on this estimate, there were in the hands of the producer last harvest of the crop of 1889 20,900,000 bushels of wheat for the outside market.

Value of Last Year's Crops.

The statistical report of the state board of agriculture shows that the Illinois corn crop for 1889 aggregated 247,980,589. The value of the crop at 23 cents per bushel was $58,-337,049, but it cost to produce and market it allowing 7 per cent. on the investment in the land on which it was raised, $68,272,872, or $9,945,833 less than the value. In twenty-two counties the crop yielded a profit of $2,326,304, but in the remaining eighty counties there was a loss of $12,562,127. The wheat crop of the year yielded a handsome profit, but it fell short of the loss on corn by $4,000,000 or $5,000,000.

THE REPORT IN KANSAS.

The Grain in Splendid Condition with Increased Acreage.

TOPEKA, Kan., Feb. 3.—Secretary Mohler, of the agricultural department, has been receiving reports from all sections of the state as to the condition of the winter wheat crop. Without exception they are of the most gratifying nature, showing that the winter wheat crop of Kansas has never in the history of the state been in such splendid condition at this time of the year. It is estimated that the acreage for the state has increased 20 per cent. over last year. Many counties in the wheat belt of northwest Kansas report that the acreage is more than double that of any previous year.

Forty-Five Million Bushels Expected.

Conservative estimates place the total acreage of winter wheat at 1,600,000 acres, which, if the conditions remain favorable, will make a yield of about 45,000,000 bushels, surpassing all previous records except the famous wheat year of 1884. There is more moisture in the soil at this season than at any time within the past ten years. Frequent rains have fallen during the winter, which, together with the recent heavy snow, it is believed almost insures a bountiful yield.

Nebraska Winter Wheat.

LINCOLN, Neb., Feb. 3.—The winter wheat crop cuts quite an unimportat figure in the farm products of the state, as but very little is sown. In the eastern border counties and some in the southern tier it is raised, but not extensively. The wheat crop in Nebraska is of the spring variety. No statistics are at hand showing the extent of the crop sown last autumn, but reports show that what was sown is in a fair condition. There has been but very little snow, and the ground has been for the greater part of the time quite dry, and this has retarded the growth of the wheat crop. The late snow has all disappeared, and freezing at night and thawing at day have set in, which injure the plant, but the condition may be stated as fair.

Stocks in the Northwest.

ST. PAUL, Feb. 3.—The Market Record estimates the wheat in the northwest elevators on Feb 1 at 8,855,000 bushels, and says: That includes stocks in all country houses in Minneapolis and the two Dakotas, and is a decrease of 1,009,000 bushels from Jan. 1. The Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth public stocks last year at this time were 8,956,255 bushels. Allowing an equal amount for private storage and in transit then as now, there were 18,762,525 bushels of all stocks at that time. That shows the present amount of stocks of all wheat in the three northwest states mentioned and out of farmers' granaries 5,191,883 bushels greater than at this date last year.

California's Raisin Crop.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 3.—The Chronicle's summary of the raisin yield of California for 1889 shows total shipments of 33,000,000 pounds, an increase of 12,000,000 pounds over 1888 and double the yield of 1887.

The Base Ball Men.

NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—The base ball men resumed their session at the Fifth Avenue hotel Thursday. An important question taken up was the applications of the Detroit and Baltimore clubs for admission to the league. Mr. F. K. Stearns represented the Detroit club and Henry S. Vanderhorst the Baltimore club. At 1 o'clock the delegates were discussing whether or not the league should be composed of twelve clubs.

Secretary Blaine's Daughter Dead.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 3.—Mrs. Coppinger, the eldest daughter of Secretary Blaine, who has been lying ill for several days, died about 5 o'clock Sunday morning

FOREIGN NEWS.

Evidences of Ocean Disaster.

LONDON, Feb. 1.—Fears for the safety of overdue steamers and sailing vessels are on the increase, owing to reports of the great quantities of wreckage sighted by incoming ships. For a time all of the wreckage reported was assumed to be that of the Erin, but the volume and character of the masses of floating debris met with, and the variety of their longitudinal and latitudinal position when seen, warrants the conviction that the Erin is by no means the only vessel that went to the bottom during the recent storms.

The Erin Still Missing.

LONDON, Feb. 1.—Hopes had been entertained here that the first vessel to arrive from the Azores would bring news of the safety of the National Line steamer Erin, Capt. Tyson, from New York for London, now long overdue. Their hopes, however, were dispelled Saturday upon the arrival of the British steamer Gibraltar from St. Michael. The Gibraltar reports that up to the time of her sailing, nothing had been heard at the Azores of the Erin.

A Crisis in Brazil.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Feb. 1.—There is a ministerial crisis here. The trouble bas reference to the questions of financial reforms, which do not at present seem likely to be realised. Senhor Di Metris Ribeiro, the minister of agriculture, has retired from the cabinet and a new appointment has been made. Senhor Ribeiro was not well known in Brazilian politics before he was called by Gen. Da Fonseca to the ministry.

A Long Way to Home.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 1.—The steamship Caspian has brought hither many passengers from Baltimore and Halifax for St. Johns, the ship having been unable to make St. Johns on account of ice. The passengers were therefore forced to go on to Liverpool, where they must stay a fortnight, thus taking six weeks to make the original 500 miles.

Connaught To Be Promoted.

LONDON, Feb. 1.—The announcement is made that the Duke of Cambridge, field marshal and commander-in chief of the British forces, will resign his exalted position next October and be succeeded by Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, at present lieutenant general and commander-in-chief of the army of India.

Tired of Press Abuse.

VIENNA, Feb. 1.—The Hamburg-American company and the North German Lloyd's company have jointly relinquished the Austrian concession for mail service and closed their offices in Vienna, in consequence of the attacks made upon them by the Austrain press.

Tendered Their Resignations.

HAGUE, Feb. 1.—The ministry have tendered their resignations to the king in consequence of the rejection of the colonial budget and the condemnation of the government's Acheen policy by the first chamber of the states general.

The Comte De Paris Sails for Cuba.

CADIZ, Feb. 1.—The Comte de Paris has left this city on board the steamer Buenos Ayres for a tour of Cuba, Mexico, and the United States.

WILL CONTINUE THE FIGHT.

The Democrats Advised by Randall to Stick to Their Guns.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 1.—Undaunted by their defeat the Democratic representatives rallied in force Friday night in caucus to consult over the extent of the injuries they had sustained as a result of the speaker's rulings supported and confirmed by the Republican representatives and to devise ways and means to preserve such power and influence as in their opinion should be exercised by the minority. They were not of cheerful mien, but it was a determined looking set of men who drifted into the hall of the house. Holman presided and Carlisle made a statement to the effect that the Republicans were responsible for the delay in the rules committee.

A Letter from Randall.

A letter was presented to the caucus from Representative Randall. He advised the Democrats to stay in the house and stand by their guns; to use every effort to stop absolutely all business in the house until a set of rules had been presented and adopted. This stirring advice from the old-time leader, lying on his sick-bed, was extremely welcome to his fellow Democrats, and was, moreover, in the line of action that they decided to follow. They came to an informal agreement that such should be their line of action.

Presidential Nominations.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 30.—The president has sent to the senate the following nominations: William H. Taft, of Ohio, to be solicitor general. Robert Adams, Jr., of Pennsylvania, now accredited envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the Empire of Brazil, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the United States of Brazil. Thomas M. Beer, of Ohio, to be supervisor of census for the Sixth district of Ohio.

Horrible Method of Suicide.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—Dennis O'Connor, an ice wagon driver, while delivering ice in Harlem suddenly threw himself on his back on the pavement, lifted the keen edged ax he carried with him and drew it down with all his might with both hands across his neck. His head was almost severed from his body by the force of the cut and he died instantly. Insanity is supposed to have been the cause of the act.

Eight Business Blocks Destroyed.

ANDERSON, Ind., Feb. 1.—Eight business blocks, occupied by saloons, furniture stores, groceries, restaurants and general stores, were burned at 4 o'clock in the morning. The loss will reach $35,000, without insurance. The heart of the city is burned out. The Quincy lodge of free-masons loses everything.

Congressman Caswell's Wife Dead.

FORT ATKINSON, Wis., Feb. 1.—Mrs. L. B. Caswell, wife of the congressman, died Friday evening. She suffered from a complication of troubles and was recently taken ill with the grip. The congressman is heart broken over his loss.

Fatally Mangled by a Sow.

WAVERLY, Ohio, Jan. 29.—Mrs. Boggs, of this county, while returning home through a field Tuesday evening, was attacked by a vicious sow. Before assistance reached her she was so horribly mangled she can not recover.

Wholesale Poisoning.

POINT PLEASANT, W. Va., Jan. 29.—A family of eight persons named Hargrave, living several miles south of here, have been poisoned by a negro woman. Four of the family are reported dead.

"Tell me," the teacher, smiling, said,
"The name of names most dear."
And she glanced at each thoughtful little face
As she waited the answer to hear.
But startled was she when a hand was raised,
And a face between smiles and tears
Was turned to her and in eager tone,
A little maid's answer—all her own—
Was lisped: "Please, Miss, Dr. Pierce."

The teacher laughed heartily as she told her friends, but when she discovered that the little one's mother had for years been a sufferer from disease peculiar to her sex, and had been cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, she felt like hugging the little darling whose answer thus spoke her love for her mother.

Thousands of women bless the day when Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was first brought to their attention.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and delicate ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Certificate of guarantee printed on its wrapper, and faithfully carried out by the proprietors for many years.

As an invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon; being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms, commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

A Book of 160 pages, on Woman: Her Diseases and their Self-cure, mailed (*sealed in plain envelope*) on receipt of ten cents, in stamps.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS: PURELY VEGETABLE and PERFECTLY HARMLESS. Unequaled as a LIVER PILL. Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Stomach and Bowels. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Mrs. Dros Ickes, of Columbus, Ohio, is 14 years old and a widow.

Dr. R. C. Towel, of Columbus, Tex., has been arrested on a charge of having committed a murder thirty years ago at Carmi, Ill.

The auditing committee of the Irish National league has reported that the cash of Treasurer O'Reilly is right.

Sir Charles Dilke's new book "The Problems of the Greater Britain," favors imperial federation.

The London school board has adopted a resolution in favor of free schools for the children of that city.

The authorities of Keokuk, Iowa, are making a vigorous war upon the saloonkeepers of that city.

The virulent type of chorera now prevailing in the Orient causes grave fears among English physicians of its march across Europe this year.

THE FIGHT IN THE HOUSE.

Speaker Reed Continues to Count a Quorum Present—Smith-Jackson Election Case.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 3.—The chaplain of the house in his opening prayer Monday morning alluded in prthetic language to the afflictions in the families of Secretaries Blaine and Tracy.

The fight in the house then began. When the clerk had finished reading the journal, McKinley moved that the journal be approved. O'Ferrall of Virginia interposed before the motion was put to the house, and asked to have a correction made in the journal. He said that on Saturday when he sent some printed matter to the desk to be read, the speaker had decided that under the rules then in force, its reading was not in order. O'Ferrall's request that this decision be inserted in the journal was granted. McKinley's motion to approve the journal was then stated and on it Carlisle demanded the yeas and nays. Several Democrats started to speak, and this called forth from McKinley a statement that if there was to be any debate, he would demand the previous question. Finally the yeas and nays were ordered on the previous question, and resulted yeas 154, nays none. The speaker counted in the names of a dozen Democrats present and not voting, and declared the previous question ordered.

The journal was then declared approved by a vote of 158 to none, the speaker again declaring a quorum present.

The Smith-Jackson election case was then resumed. Bynum of Indiana moved to adjourn, which was rejected, yeas 120, nays 157. Crisp raised the question of consideration, the speaker declined to entertain it; Crisp appealed from this decision and the speaker declined to entertain the appeal. O'Ferrall of Virginia was recognised and resumed his argument in the contested election case in support of the minority report.

The Senate.

Immediately after the reading of the journal, Cameron announced the recent afflictions in the families of the secretary of state and the secretary of the navy, and moved an adjournment, which was unanimously agreed to and the senate adjourned.

A VICTORY FOR PARNELL.

His Libel Suit Against The Times Settled for £5,000.

LONDON, 3Feb. .—The suits for libel against The Times, brought respectively by Mr. Parnell and his private secretary, Mr. Henry Campbell, were called in court Monday. The announcement was made that the suit of Mr. Parnell had been settled by the payment of £5,000 and that his secretary, Mr. Campbell, had withdrawn his suit. The court room was crowded. Parnell was present and appeared to be in good health. The announcement of the result of the actions caused a decided sensation in the court room.

Flung His Child from the Window.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—John Votocil, an insane Bohemian cigar maker, aged 30, flung his 4-year-old son Lories from the fifth-story window of his apartments in Pitt street Wednesday. The child was seriously injured. Both father and child were taken to Bellevue ho pital.

Lives Lost at Sea.

LONDON, Jan. 29.—If is reported here that the ship Buteshire has foundered in the Atlantic. She was bound from Norfolk, Va., to Mediterranean ports and had a crew of sixteen, all of whom are supposed to have perished.

The Cholera at Bologna.

ROME, Jan. 31.—A death from Asiatic cholera has occurred in Bologna.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Feb. 3.

Board of trade quotations to-day ranged as follows: Wheat—No. 2 February, opened 74¼c, closed 75¼c; March, opened 76½c, closed 76¾c; May, opened 78¾c, closed 79¼c. Corn—No. 2 February, opened 28¾c, closed 29¼c; March, opened 29¾-¾c, closed 29¼-½c; May, opened 31¼c, closed 31½c. Oats—No. 2 February, opened —, closed 21c; March, opened —, closed —; May, opened 23½c, closed 23¾-½c. Pork—February, opened and closed $9.85; March, opened $9.90, closed 9.82½; May, opened $10.07½, closed $10.17½. Lard—February, opened and closed 5.82½.

Live stock—The following were the quotations ot the Union stock yards: Hogs—Market opened active and firm, with prices 5c higher; light grades, $3.70@3.95; rough packing, $3.75@3.80; mixed lots, $3.75@3.85; heavy packing and shipping lots, $3.85@4.05. Cattle—Dull, weak, and generally 10c lower; beeves, $3.00@4.80; fancy, $5.00@5.25; cows, $1.40@2.90; stockers and feeders, $2.40@3.40. Sheep—Steady; muttons, $4.00@5.50; lambs, $4.90@5.00; western corn-fed, $4.50@5.40.

Produce: Butter—Fancy Elgin, 26½@27c; fine creameries, 21@25c; dairies, finest, fresh, 19@22c; packing stock, 4@5c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 23@24c per doz.; ice house stock, 7c. Dressed poultry—Chickens, 8@9c per lb.; turkeys, 12½@13c per lb.; ducks, 8@12c per lb.; geese, 6@7c per lb. Potatoes—Peerless, 30@35c per bu.; Beauty of Hebron, 30@35c per bu.; Burbanks, 28@40c per bu. Illinois sweet potatoes, good to fancy, $2.75@3.00. Apples—Good to fancy. $2.60@3.50 per bbl. Cranberries—Wisconsin bell and cherries, $9.00 per bbl.

Broom Corn—Hurl, 4@5c per lb; whisk brush, 5½@6c; green, self-working, 5½@6c; inside and covers, 3½@5c; common brush, 3½@4c; crooked, 2@3½c.

New York.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, 86¼c cash; do. February; 85c; do. May, 89¾c; do. June, 85¾c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 37½c cash; do. February, 39¾c; do. March, 37¾c; do. May, 39c. Oats—Quiet but steady; No. 2 mixed, 29½c cash; do. February, 29¾c; do. May, 32½c. Rye and barley—Nominal. Pork—Firm; $10.50@11.25 for new. Lard—Steady; February, $6.20; March, $6.24; May, $6.36.

Live Stock: Cattle—Firmer; ordinary to choice steers, $3.60@5.25 ₩ 100 lbs; oxen, $2.25@4.25; bulls, $2.25@3.60. Sheep and Lambs—Sheep about steady; poorest to best, $4.50@5.60 ₩ 100 lbs; lambs, dull and easier, $5.65@7.65. Hogs—Nominally quiet and steady; live hogs $3.90@4.20 ₩ 100 lbs.

She Thinked It Out.

Rosamond remarked to her mother one day: "Mamma, if Aunt L—— is better than Uncle J—— she knows lots more."

"Who told you that?" her mother asked.

"Nobody told me, I just thinked it out myself, 'cause Cousin K—— and I were playing with the blocks, and we both wanted to build a house at the same time, and Uncle J—— said, 'Let K—— build a house first, and then you can build one,' but Aunt L—— said, 'K——, let Rosamond do zactly as she pleases!'"

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each.....2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 8, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — "The Gondoliers."

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—Louis James.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Sardou's "Exiles."

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Boston Howard Athenæum Co.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Francis Wilson.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union The Bostonians.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"A Dark Secret."

JACOB'S CLARK STREET THEATRE.
Corner of North Clark and Kinzie Streets—"The Galley Slave."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

PANORAMA—NAVAL BATTLE.
Michigan ave., between Madison and Monroe streets—The great naval battle between the Monitor and Merrimac.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE "STAATS ZEITUNG'S" MALIGNITY

The malignant ferocity of the Illinois *Staats Zeitung* against the Irish-Americans, whom it latterly hits over the shoulders of the Clan-na-Gael, broke out again last Saturday in an editorial on the lamentable Schuettler-Gibbons tragedy, which originated in a saloon row close to the City Hall. A row in a saloon is always disreputable and, as in the case mentioned, has often fatal results. The simple statement of the case is this: Capt. Schuettler, with some friends, entered the saloon to take a drink, the Captain thereby violating a general order of his superior officer. Ald. McCormick, with some friends, including the unfortunate Robert Gibbons, happened to be at the bar when the other party entered. He and Schuettler had had previous cause of enmity, and McCormick made remarks offensive to Schuettler. Out of these there grew a melee, during which Robert Gibbons, as is alleged, knocked Schuettler down. The latter drew his revolver and, after a desperate struggle, the pistol was discharged and Robert Gibbons was mortally wounded. Schuettler was a powerful man, so also was Gibbons.

The drawing of a murderous weapon should be a last resort, especially with an officer of the peace, unless his life is actually in danger. The Coroner's Jury, after hearing the evidence, concluded that Schuettler's life was in danger, although Gibbons carried no weapon, and the police Captain was exonerated. The killing of Gibbons, although not a deliberate or premediated murder, had about it many features of a genuine case of manslaughter, according to the published reports. If Schuettler were a small or weak man this aspect would hardly belong to the tragedy, but he is neither. He had no right to be where he was in direct violation of orders. The wearing of a uniform does not, of itself, quench thirst, and there is no law in Chicago against a man taking a glass of beer, if he feels like it, but an order is an order, and the first duty of a policeman, as well as a soldier, is obedience. Captain Schuettler was, in a moral sense, dislocated when he went up to that bar in violation of service discipline.

On the other hand, Ald. McCormick had no right to insult Schuettler. If he had rebuked him for a breach of discipline, and notified the Captain that he would report him to the higher authority, he would have been only doing his duty, because an alderman is not prohibited from entering a saloon, whereas a policeman is. But the insult was born of personal grudge, and now men of evil design, like the editors of the *Staats Zeitung*, seek to create race feeling out of that fatal fight in a beer saloon. The paper is, as usual, brutally insulting to "the Irish brood," and indulges in the foulest slanders against the Clan-na-Gael organization, according to its wont. No respectable Irish American, or German American, citizen is required to hate his Teutonic or Celtic neighbor, because the victim of the affray was an Irishman, and the slayer a German. It was a personal feud and nothing more. Nobody but a brute could have written the article in the *Staats Zeitung* to which THE CITIZEN makes reference. There is not a word of pity, in the whole vile screed, for the young wife left without a husband, or for the three helpless little children left without a father. THE CITIZEN cannot believe that the barbaric writer of the *Staats Zeitung* article represents average German opinion in this city or elsewhere.

The *Staats Zeitung* warns the Democrats to get rid of the Irish. "Aye, there's the rub." The *Staats Zeitung* wants to "boss" Democratic politics in Cook county—perhaps in the State—and the Democratic Irish are in its way. On the other hand, there is another section of bigots, connected with the Republican party, who want no Irish in their ranks. Both sides dread us. Why? Because we are ahead of them in all that goes to make up the full sum of American citizenship. They are jealous of us—crazily jealous—the bigots on both sides of our politics. That is the sum and substance of the whole business. But we will stick by our opinions, whether we happen to be Democrats or Republicans, in spite of their teeth. We cannot afford to let the country go to the dogs by refraining from doing our duty as citizens, simply that knaves and bigots may sleep easier. We are not made of that kind of material. When the *Staats Zeitung* calls New York an "Irish city," it involuntarily pays a very high compliment to the governing genius of the Irish race. New York is the finest city on the continent—a monument of glory to the gallant and brilliant people reviled by the *Staats Zeitung*, out of pure envy, malice and that political avarice which has ever characterized its proprietors.

MAJ. M'CLURE CONTROVERTS THE "TRIBUNE."

Maj. William C. McClure, an Irish Protestant and a strong Democrat, has visited THE CITIZEN office to protest against the assertion of the Chicago *Tribune* that all Irish Protestants are Republicans. Maj. McClure says that one of the truest friends of the editor of the *Tribune*—the late John Forsyth—was a leading Democrat in this city and county for years. Mr. Forsyth was the strongest kind of an Irish Presbyterian. The Hon. W. C. Goudy, the son of a Protestant Irishman, is now, Maj. McClure says, a shining light of the Democratic party in Illinois. The Major further says that he can count Irish Protestant Democrats in this city by the dozen. Protestantism has nothing to do with American politics, the Major thinks, and neither has any other ism. THE CITIZEN, as an independent paper, cannot refrain from making known the sentiments of Maj. McClure. It would, however, suggest to the Major that he had better call upon the head of the *Tribune* editorial force and argue the matter out with him. Uncle Joseph is always open to argument.

GROSS LIBELS ON IRISH-AMERICAN LOYALTY.

Nearly every person who has studied the attitude of the daily press of this country in regard to what is called the Clan-na-Gael organization, is compelled to believe that a dread of the Clan's influence on both sides of American politics, as well as English terror of Irish combination, is at the bottom of the unparalleled assaults made upon the society. The politicians dread the Irish as an organized body, more or less independent in the political arena. The Clan-na Gael society was not organized with reference to American politics, nor did it, as a body, or in its meetings, ever allow American politics, or religious issues, to be discussed, but the bringing together of men, or the descendants of men, from all parts of Ireland, Protestant and Catholic, to mingle in social intercourse, and to forward the cause of Irish liberty, had, and has, the undoubted tendency to bind them closer in the ties of friendship and brotherhood. This, indirectly, may have had the effect of making them ignore partyism, when a personal friend was before the people for office, just as in the case of people of other previous nationalities, similarly combined, but, beyond this, there is no element of American politics within what is persistently, although improperly, called the Clan na-Gael association. This name has now been made a scapegoat by anti-Irish schemers from the basest of political motives. Some bad men creep into all societies, secret or open, as every organization, for whatever purpose, in America can bear witness. The great Masonic order itself has not been free from such characters, but what daily newspaper in this country would dare to condemn the Masonic fraternity as a body?

It is a regretable thing to have to write, but it must be written, that crime is always intensified in American public estimation when the criminals are Irish. The whole race has to suffer at the bar of what is called public opinion for the evil doings of one or more men, while other "nationalities," cursed also with a fair proportion of lawless characters, are not held responsible, in the mass, for the misconduct of their ruffians. The difference, in the opinion of THE CITIZEN, lies in the fact that all other foreign elements in this country, with, perhaps, the exception of the Poles, have strong governments behind them, and they are held in more respect than the Irish who have no government of their own to boast of. This is the penalty of defeat at home; and England and her American agents are doing their utmost to make the condition of defeat perpetual. Thus, in the case of the Clan-na-Gael, the upper millstone is American politics, and the nether English policy.

The Chicago *Tribune* of Monday contained an editorial in which the Clan-na-Gael was held up to public scorn, as "a treasonable, anti-American society." The word "treasonable" must have been used in the English sense, for, assuredly, 99 per cent of the members of the Clan-na Gael organization are better Americans, in the full meaning of that term, than the accomplished liars who take a malignant delight in impugning their loyalty to this country. Not satisfied with assailing the Clan-na-Gael society, the *Tribune* writer thought it decent to assail the Irish National League also, thus showing that Irish combinations of any kind, or for any purpose, are distasteful to a great number of editors, without reference to party politics. Such combinations are also distasteful to England, and have been during several centuries. The *Tribune* claims that the Irish National League is engineered by the Clan-na-Gael, and that the latter body is "odious to the American people." THE CITIZEN is deeply sorry for "the American people," of whom the Irish form a highly important part. This "American people" business is all rot and nonsense. We are all Americans, but we are not, therefore, called upon to deny the cradles of our race, or to refuse assistance to those who are held in the strong bonds of foreign misgovernment outside our more fortunate republic, which is, itself, the child of gallant treason and successful rebellion, greatly assisted to success by the great hearts and heads of Europe, who, like Lafayette, did not stand on ceremony about "neutrality," but came cheerfully to the assistance of Washington, who did not, as the world knows, refuse their assistance.

As a general thing, the descendants of the American revolutionists, both on and off the press, are friendly to Ireland and the Irish, as well they may be. But the progeny of the Tories and, as a general thing, of the new comers from Great Britain and certain portions of Ireland are the self constituted "American people," who make war upon "the sea-divided Gael." It is funny to find Irishmen lectured on loyalty to America by "Americans" from New Brunswick, Ontario, Liverpool, London, Bandon, Monaghan, Down and Antrim! It is to such "Americans" the Clan-na Gael name and race are "odious"; but not the United Order of Deputies or the Loyal Orange lodges! The Scotch and Welsh and English can meet in Chicago, at any time, and drink the Queen of England's health as the premier toast, and there is never a word of adverse criticism in the daily newspapers. Those "loyal Britons" are never stigmatized as the enemies of American institutions, although many of them disdain to become American citizens, and, in a metaphorical sense, spit upon our country and its customs, preferring to die, as they have lived, the subjects of a foreign potentate. If the Irish were to assume that attitude, what a howl of hatred their conduct would evoke! Yet, by general admission, none of them fail to take the first opportunity of becoming full-fledged American citizens, and they renounce allegiance to the foreign potentates, and particularly to the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, with an enthusiasm that has never been called into question.

THE CITIZEN admits that the Irish are, at present, quite unpopular with the pro-English element in this country, but what need they care? "As citizens—Americans—they glory in the name"—and they are as good as the best in this country, if not better. They have fulfilled the divine injunction—increased and multiplied and filled the earth, like their good fathers before them, and they defy any power on earth either British, or American British, to curtail their liberties under the constitution and the laws of the United States. They stand by the American Flag, and by the principles of human liberty, and those of their alleged fellow-citizens, who don't like their attitude, may go to the devil.

MATTHEW P. BRADY.

The Governor of Illinois has appointed Mr. Matthew P. Brady, the distinguished lawyer and orator of this city, a member of the State Board of Education to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Hon. Joshua C. Knickerbocker. Mr. Brady is eminently qualified by learning, training and native ability for the honorable position bestowed upon him. In addition, THE CITIZEN desires to make public its appreciation of Mr. Brady's chivalry and courage, in the face of anti-Irish prejudice, whenever called upon to vindicate the honor of his fellow-countrymen.

THE WASHINGTON AFFLICTIONS.

Washington has supped full of horror of late days. The awful tragedy at the mansion of Secretary Tracy, a full account of which will be found in the general news columns, is one of the most horrible that has occurred in recent years. The loss of his wife and daughter, and the maiming of others of his family, have had more effect upon his health than the partial asphyxiation he suffered. Mrs. Tracy was a true heroine, and succeeded in saving her husband's life at the expense of her own. All Washington has been thrown into mourning by the horrible occurrence.

Secretary Blaine has suffered a second terrible family affliction in the death of his daughter, Mrs. Coppinger, wife of Col. J. J. Coppinger, of the regular army, which occurred last week. Mrs. Coppinger was a great favorite in Washington and her death is greatly lamented by all classes of the people. She was a convert to the Catholic church. The funeral services were held in St. Matthew's Catholic church. The requiem mass was offered up by the Rev. Father Sherman, son of the celebrted General, and the prayers for the dead were recited by Cardinal Gibbons. All the surviving members of the Blaine family were present. Mrs. Coppinger's remains were interred in the Blaine burial place at Washington,

THE LONDON "TIMES" BACKS DOWN.

The back down of the London *Times*, in the matter of the Parnell libel suit, is ignominious, and places the Irish parliamentary leader in a much stronger position than any he has held since the defeat of Gladstone's Home Rule bill, in 1886. The moral effect on the Irish movement in England cannot help being great, and the Tories must feel that their favorite organ made an awful blunder, not to speak of crime, when it attempted to convict Parnell on the forged letters of Pigott; and, further, when it sought to bribe P. J. Sheridan, with $100,000, to swear away the life of Parnell as an alleged accomplice in the Phœnix Park assassinations. Taken for all in all, the Tory party has shrunken into very small proportions since it touched the *Times* pitch, and became more shockingly defiled than ever.

TREASURER O'REILLY'S ACCOUNTS.

The report of the auditing committee appointed to investigate the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly's accounts as treasurer of the Irish National League—the request having been made by the reverend gentleman himself—will be found elsewhere. It seems to THE CITIZEN to be an able and lucid report, and fully exonerates Dr. O'Reilly—if, indeed, exoneration is necessary—from the baseless charges made against him by detractors and calumniators. It was the desire of President Fitzgerald to call a convention of the Irish National League in this country at an early date, but an urgent cablegram from Mr. Parnell, urging that it be postponed on account of a general election thought to be pending in Great Britain and Ireland, obliged him to give up the idea for the present. THE CITIZEN still thinks that it is a mistake not to hold a convention, but Mr. Parnell may have even better reasons than appear in his telegram for his action.

ANOTHER DOSE OF ANGLO-SAXONISM

An article by Mr. Freeman, author of the "Norman-French Conquest of England," appeared in last month's *Contemporary Review*. The article is an endeavor to show the origin of the English people. It is a silly, ill-written article, entirely unworthy of the man who has written the best historical work of the generation. Mr. Freeman evidently wrote the article in the *Contemporary Review* to please the readers of the magazine, and not to throw light on the ancient history of the people of the island of Great Britain. He found that the majority of the people of that country wanted it to be proved that they came originally from some part of Saxony, for, as was stated some weeks ago in THE CITIZEN, a large portion of the American and British people, have, from some cause or other, got "Anglo Saxonism" on the brain.

Mr. Freeman acknowledges as much as that the British people are of very mixed origin, and that their ancestors came from so many countries that there is more difficulty in saying where they did not come from than in saying where they did come from. He falls in, however, with the idea that the greater part of them are really descendants of Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and seems to imply that the British ought to feel proud of being descended from a people whose descendants licked the French—by a fluke.

The object of this article is to show that if there is at present any such thing as an Anglo-Saxon race in Great Britain, or if there ever was such a race, the people of that country have no cause at all to be proud of being descended from them; and that whatever fame and greatness the British people possess, cannot be traced to the Anglo Saxon, Gothic, Teutonic, or whatever-it-may-be-called, element that exists among them.

A tribe or nation of people known as Saxon, or Teutonic, speaking a language of Gothic origin, gained possession of England and a portion of the southeast of Scotland in the fifth century. They banished most of the native inhabitants either over the sea, or into Wales and Cornwall, and became such complete masters of the country that their language became the dominant one; the subjugated natives that had neither been killed nor banished, being forced to adopt it. This people held domination in England for more than five hundred years. In all that time they never produced a man famous in any branch of knowledge, the venerable Bede, alone excepted. They never produced a ruler that wasn't a savage, Alfred alone excepted. During the five hundred years of Saxon domination, England had no more political power or status than Krim Tartary, or the Corea. She was unknown abroad and powerless at home. She was conquered by the Danes and then by the French. She was conquered by every nation that tried to conquer her. She was a nation of mud cabins, political weakness and unlimited savagery. The best that could be said of her was said many years ago by an Irish essayist,—"A few learned monks, a few shadowy kings, indecisive encounters with Scandinavian pirates, the landing of the French, one battle and Saxon England vanishes for ever." In two generations after the French conquest of England in 1066, she began to grow in political power at home and abroad; the foundation of the nation's future greatness was laid by the infusion of the conquerors' new blood; and it is perfectly safe to say that "if there never had been a French conquest, there never had been an English nation."

It has been tried to be shown that the men whom William the Conqueror brought to England were not Frenchmen but Normans. This theory, Mr. Freeman, in his great book on the French conquest of England, has thoroughly refuted. He not only shows but proves that 90 per cent of the men who fought and conquered at Hastings, were Frenchmen pure and simple. It is true that the province or duchy of Normandy was so called from its having been ceded by a French king to Rolla, a Scandinavian or Norman, in the early part of the tenth century; but the Scandinavians of that time were plunderers and not settlers. Rolla's descendants remained in Normandy, and William the Conqueror was one of them; but the great mass of people over whom he ruled were, and continued to be, French. So few were the Normans, or Northmen, proper, that in a single generation their language almost entirely disappeared. The father of William was only third in descent from Rolla, the Norman, but he knew no language save French. All through his history Mr. Freeman, even with his strong Teutonic proclivities, invariably calls the followers of William the Conqueror, "French." He never styles them "Normans," for not only were the inhabitants of Normandy not Normans, but the army of William was composed of men from all parts of France and some of the adjacent countries. The conquest of England in 1066 was a French conquest, and nothing else; and the greatest historian who has written about it admits this fact.

It would be very interesting to get a biographical dictionary and make out from it an entire list of the names of all the great men who have figured in the annals of Great Britain and Ireland during the past four or five centuries, and see what racial tale is told by their names. In at least seven cases out of nine, a person's race can be told by his name. Look into any American directory and German, French, and Irish names can at once be told by any one possessed of even a little more philological and historical learning than that possessed by an ordinary American editor, very many of whom could not tell if the name Murphy was Saxon or African. Without consulting a biographical dictionary, any one fairly familiar with English and Irish history, and who knows something about modern European languages, can easily make a list of names of un-Anglo-Saxon origin, which, if the men who owned them had never existed, British and Irish annals would be almost a blank, and England would to-day be hardly greater than Denmark or Portugal. Any one who knows even a smattering of the French, German and Celtic languages can, in nine cases out of ten, tell whether a name is French, Saxon or Celtic as soon as he sees it written or hears it pronounced. There are, of course, many surnames in Great Britain and Ireland that will puzzle the most learned philologist or antiquarian to tell what race or nation they belong to; but a vast majority of the names of men in almost every country tell plainly the race or nation to which they who own them belong.

Let us now examine the names of a large majority of the great men and women that Great Britain and Ireland have produced during the last three centuries, and try and find out how many of them are of Saxon or Teutonic origin. Let it be noted that the list is put down from memory alone, and is, therefore, very incomplete. No book of any kind has been consulted by the writer. How would English, Irish and Scotch annals look if the names of Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Bacon, Pope, Pitt, Burns, Scott, Irving, Channing, Wellington (his family name was Cooley) Burke, Sheridan, Moore, O'Connell, Carlyle, Cobbett, Emmet, Tone, Davis, Howitt, Harriet Martineau, Charlotte Bronte, Georgina Evans (George Elliot), Miss Braddon, Mlle. de La Ramée (Ouida), Dickens, Darwin and scores of other non-Saxon names, had never figured in them? For the benefit of the numerous Saxon-on-the-brain-very-unfit to enlighten people class of American editors, let it be said that perhaps not *one* name in the foregoing list of some of the greatest names in British and Irish annals has the smallest sign of being of Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic origin. They are all, with the exceptions of Pitt and Pope, purely French or purely Celtic. Carlyle—not that any nation has much cause to be proud of such a literary brute—is as Celtic as Murphy. It means the "friend of Alilil,"—a very common name among the old Celts. If any of our learned Saxon-on-the-brain unesteemed contemporaries think that some of the names on the foregoing list are Saxon, they can point them out, and thereby benefit their pet theory that men are great merely because they are descended from certain sea robbers of the fifth century.

T.O.R.

THE Rev. George W. Pepper, formerly of Ashland, O., and well known in Irish National circles, has been appointed United States consul at Milan. All who know the able, eloquent and pleasant divine will congratulate him on his good fortune.

OBITUARY.

FUNERAL OF ROBERT GIBBONS.

The funeral of Robert Gibbons, shot by Police Captain Schuettler in a saloon affray, occurred from his residence on Erie street to the Cathedral of the Holy Name last Sunday morning, and was very largely attended. Everything was conducted in the best possible order, and a stalwart body of young men, mostly friends and comrades of the deceased, marched in procession from the house to the church. Mr. Gibbons always bore a good reputation, and was popular with those who knew him. The grief of his young widow and little children, deprived of their natural protector, was terrible to witness. The religious exercises at the Cathedral were conducted by the Rev. Father Perry. At their conclusion the procession re-formed, and escorted the remains to the Northwestern depot, when the cars were taken to Calvary cemetery, where they were interred. The funeral train comprised seven cars, all of which were crowded to their utmost capacity.

MR. MICHAEL RIORDAN, NORTH ADAMS.

Capt. P. H. Riordan, of Ottumwa, Ia., a veteran of Meagher's glorious Irish Brigade of the Army of the Potomac, has been saddened by the death of his good old father, who died at his residence, North Adams, Mass., last month at the ripe age of 80 years. The North Adams *Transcript* says of the venerable deceased: "He led a quiet, industrious life and was greatly respected by all. He was a disciple of Father Mathew, and took the pledge under him in Ireland in 1845, which he faithfully kept to the day of his death, even refusing to touch liquor when on his dying bed. He left a wife who is a helpless invalid, two daughters and four sons, two of which, P. H. and Dr. Riordan, of Melrose, reside in Iowa."

MISS AGNES TRAYNER.

Mr. and Mrs. John Trayner, of No. 3713 Michigan avenue, have sustained a sad domestic affliction in the death of their daughter, Miss Agnes Trayner, who passed away at the family residence last Sunday evening after a somewhat lingering illness, in the 23d year of her age. She was a most estimable young lady and her death is greatly mourned by those who knew her. The funeral occurred from the house to St. James' church on Tuesday morning, and was largely attended. Requiem high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Croke, assisted by other clergymen. At the conclusion of the religious services the remains were borne to the hearse by the following pall-bearers: Messrs. Thomas Keeley, William Layton, William Lydon, Charles Gillespie, Michael Daley and John B. Maher. The chief mourners were Mr. and Mrs. Trayner, Mr. Owen Murray and other immediate relatives. The remains were interred in the family lot at Calvary cemetery.

MRS. ANNIE WILEY, NASHVILLE.

[*Nashville American, Jan. 31.*]

"Mrs. Annie Wiley, for a long time connected with the millinery department of Rosenheim Bros. & Co.'s immense dry goods establishment in this city, died yesterday morning at her home, No. 708 Broad street, after an illness of five weeks. The funeral will occur from the Cathedral at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning and the interment will take place at Mount Olivet.

Mrs. Wiley was with Rosenheim Bros. & Co. for twelve years and was one of their most trusted and highly esteemed employes. At the time of her death she was 33 years of age, a beautiful woman, of fine taste and prepossessing address. She made her way in the world by her own strength and genius and when ill health compelled her to leave her post she was receiving the largest salary of any lady in Nashville. In speaking of her last night Mr. Louis Rosenheim said that her death was a great loss to the firm from a business point of view, and that it would not be easy to fill her place."

A Nashville correspondent says "Mrs. Wiley's funeral was very largely attended, as she was popular with all classes in Nashville, but particularly with the Irish-American element. The grief of her family, and friends, is heartfelt. Nearly all the employes of Rosenheim Bros. were in attendance. High mass of requiem was celebrated at the Cathedral, and the remains were followed by a large and imposing cortege to the cemetery. Few ladies of Nashville that have passed away of late years are more widely and deservedly lamented than Mrs. Wiley. May she rest in peace."

True Story of the Kilkenny Cats.

The story has been so long current that it has become a proverb—"as quarrelsome as the Kilkenny cats"—two of the cats in which city are asserved to have fought so long and so furiously that naught was found of them but two tails. The correct version of this saying is this: "During the rebellion which occurred in Ireland in 1798, Kilkenny was garrisoned by a regiment of Hessian soldiers, whose custom was to tie together in one of their barrack rooms two cats by their respective tails, and then throw them face to face across a line generally used for drying clothes. The cats naturally grew infuriated and scratched each other in the abdomen until death ensued to one or both of them. The officers were made acquainted with the barberous acts of cruelty, and resolved to put an end to them. For this purpose an officer was ordered to inspect every barrack room daily and report its state. The soldiers, determined not to lose the torture of the cats, generally employed one of their comrades to watch the approach of the officer. On one occasion he neglected his duty, and the officer was heared ascending the stairs while the cats were undergoing their customary torture. One of the troopers seized a sword from the arm rack and with a single blow divided the tails of the cats. The cats escaped through the windows of the room, which was entered immediately afterwards by the officer, who inquired what was the cause of the bleeding cats' tails being suspended on the line, and was told in reply that "two cats had been fighting in the room; that it was found impossible to separate them, and they fought desperately, and devoured each other up, with the exception of their two tails."

THE annual reception and banquet of the Union Catholic Library Association will be given at Kinsley's on the evening of Friday, the 14th inst., and will be one of the most brilliant social events of the season.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

THE DROGHEDA GUARDIANS.

At the weekly meeting of the Drogheda board of guardians, Mr. J. Mangan presiding, the following resolution was, on the motion of Mr. D. Butterly, seconded by Mr. J. Hatch, passed, "That we protest against the increase of rent put on by the land commission for the coming year, and we call upon the farmers of Ireland to oppose such increase in a determined and united manner."

HOUSING THE EVICTED.

Mr. Nicholas Hatch, borough surveyor, Drogheda, is at present preparing plans for a wooden house for Mr. Thomas Morgan, who was recently evicted from his holding at Dowth, county Meath, at the instance of Mr. M. S. Bredon, a civil servant in China, whose agent is Mr. John B. Atkinson, solicitor, Portadown. The house will be erected on a site granted by Mr. James Richard Drew, P.L.G., in view of the evicted farm.

DEMANDED A REDUCTION.

It is stated that the Nurney, county Kildare, tenants of Mr. P. Newton, of Wexford, met the agent in Athy for the purpose of paying their rents. They demanded 20 per cent reduction. Mr. White, the agent, refused to allow that amount, and offered to deal with each tenant separately, but they left in a body without paying.

OUTRAGE AT GLASTHULE.

Between 4 and 5 o'clock on the evening of Jan. 14, some persons unknown visited St. Joseph's church, Glasthule, and with an iron bar broke open a donation box, the property of the Very Rev. Canon Harold, P.P. The contents of the box, which it is supposed did not amount to much, were stolen.

BANKRUPTCY.

A petition for a receiving order has been presented in the London bankruptcy court by Mr. Thomas Quinn, M. P. for Kilkenny City. The debtor is described of Islington, and engaged in the building of industrial dwellings. The usual receiving order was made. The liabilities were not stated, and the assets consist of mortgaged properties, showing a surplus of £26,090.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

On Jan. 10 a man named Patrick Hanlon, aged 27 years, of No. 27 Arnott street, Dublin, a travelling man, procured a razor at a barber shop, and, returning to his residence, cut his throat. The wound is not of a serious character.

CRUSHED TO DEATH.

At Carlow, on Jan. 10, a man named John Kinsella, in the employment of the Barrow Navigation Company was steering one of the company's boats, which was after discharging a cargo of wheat, back to its berth at the quay he met his death by being crushed under one of the arches of the bridge spanning the Borrow and connecting Carlow and Graigue.

THE VALE OF AVOCA.

Active preparations are in progress for denuding the Vale of Avoca of its foliage. Messrs. Sulley, the contractors, have the dorries awaiting the arrival of horses to convey the stuff to Arklow, where it will be shipped. Negotiations to secure the splendid water supply attached to Garvey's mill having failed, the company will have two powerful engines, one to haul the timber, the other to work machinery to cut up into proper packing lengths.

LEFT IN THE DARK.

Residents of Birr were without gas for several days. It seems that besides damaging the church to a great extent, the lightning also struck some of the gas mains, breaking them, and causing an extensive leakage.

MUNSTER.

"UNLAWFUL ASSEMBLY."

Twenty-six young men were placed on trial at Mallow under the Coercion act for taking part in an "unlawful assembly" on the night of Dec. 29 in celebration of the release of William O'Brien. Mr. Cecil Roche and Col. Persse were the magistrates. Eight of the accused were discharged, and the others were allowed out on their own recognizances.

INDIGNANT.

A storm of indignation has been raised at Dungarvan, at the insult offered to Mr. Waters by Col. Keane, at the recent Lismore quarter sessions. A resolution embodying this feeling was passed at a League meeting in the town, presided over by the Rev. J. Power, on the motion of Rev. F. C. Prendergast.

FOUND DYING IN THE STREET.

A young man, whose name has been ascertained to be Patrick Murphy, of Kilbehenny, was found in a dying condition in the streets of Mitchelstown on Friday night, Jan. 10. He expired on reaching the workhouse hospital. It is supposed that he lost his life in a quarrel between some drunken parties who attended the Mitchelstown fair.

"INTIMIDATION."

A coercion court was held at Rathkeale on Tuesday, Jan. 14, by Capt. Keogh, R.M., Newcastlewest. James Naughton, secretary of the Croagh branch of the National League, and James Cowley were prosecuted on a charge of having on Nov. 22 waylaid and seriously wounded William Evans, caretaker of an evicted farm. The evidence for the prosecution being most contradictory and Evans failing to prove anything against the accused both charges were dismissed. The crown prosecutor then intimated that Naughton was also charged with intimidating Evans on the same occasion, and that he should go on with the case. After hearing the evidence, which was almost identical with the previous evidence, the magistrates announced, to the surprise of all in court, that they considered the charge proved, and sentenced Mr. Naughton to one month's imprisonment with hard labor.

WAYLAID.

A farmer's servant man, named Patrick Hanrahan, died on Jan. 13 from fracture of the skull at the Tipperary workhouse hospital under the following circumstances. A county Limerick farmer arranged for the purchase of some land from a neighbor Mrs. O'Brien for £130, but subsequently another stepped in and offered £180, whereupon Mrs. O'Brien refused to give up the land. Deceased was in the employ of the first purchaser, and when returning from the fair at Pallas on New Year's Day was waylaid on the road and his head broken in.

LICENSE REVOKED.

The lord lieutenant has revoked every license to carry or have any arms or ammunition granted to John Garvey, of Cappamore, in the parish of Kilraghtis and the barony of Upper Bunratty, in the county of Clare.

FINED FOR BEING DRUNK.

At the Tipperary petty sessions on Jan. 8, before Mr. Madden and Col. Caddell, an emergency caretaker in the employ of Mr. Smith Barry, named Joseph Woods, was summoned by the police for being drunk on the public street and armed with a loaded revolver. The chairman asked the accused what he had to say to the charge. Woods—"I am guilty, sir." Chairman—"Fined 10s and costs."

SWINDLED HIS SWEETHEART.

A young soldier of the Manchester Regiment has been playing some strange pranks at Queenstown, and has swindled a large number of people. He had a sweetheart who knew him only in uniform and he succeeded in borrowing money her. To other people, however, he appeared as a gentleman's son, a veterinary surgeon, of Dublin, no less. He also figured as a commercial traveler, and found plenty of people to give him goods on credit, on the strength of his representations.

EVICTION NOTICES.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Newcastle West board of guardians on Jan. 9 the clerk, Mr. Byrnes, said he had received eviction notices in which Mr. Esmonde was complainant and seven tenants on his property entitled at Knockbrack defendants. One of the tenants was John F. McCarthy, M. D., dispensary officer for Abbeyfeale district.

SUED FOR LIBEL.

On Jan. 9 a writ was served at the suit of Robert Power, bailiff and ex bank clerk, Clonmel, against the Tipperary *Nationalist* newspaper company. He claims £1,000 damages, and the venue is laid in Belfast.

GROANED AT THE POLICE.

At the Tipperary petty sessions on Jan. 5 Miss Mary Quane, of William O'Brien street, was summoned by the police for groaning at the police on the day Mr. O'Brien's Dalton's mill was thrown down at Rosebro. Mr. David Quane, auctioneer, etc, stood up in court and stated he would not allow his daughter to attend. Col. Caddell ordered the clerk of the court to take a note of Mr. Quane's observation. Mr. Quane—There is no use in telling a lie whatever the seriousness of the case is. The chairman ordered that a warrant be issued for Miss Quane's arrest.

REMANDED FOR THE THIRD TIME.

Three men, named William Barrett, John Kingston, and Jeremiah McCarthy, who were on Christmas night arrested in Bantry on the charge of being concerned in the death of a farmer named Timothy Crowley, of Colemans, on the night of Nov. 11, who was found dead at a place called the Black Bog, about two miles outside the town, were for the third time remanded in custody on Jan. 10 to Cork jail for eight days.

CONFIDENCE IN PARNELL.

At the Ennis quarter sessions on Jan. 10 Judge Kelly refused to receive a resolution adopted by the grand jury expressing unbounded confidence in Mr. Parnell.

RESPITED FOR THREE WEEKS.

Michael O'Brien, who was to have been executed on Tuesday, Jan. 14, in Limerick, has been respited for a period of three weeks pending the hearing by the court of criminal appeal of a point raised by the counsel for the defense that, under the Crimes act, there was no power to change the venue from Waterford, where the jury disagreed, to the Munster assizes at Nenagh, where conviction followed the hearing of the case.

SOLD AT AUCTION.

Messrs. Marsh & Son, auctioneers, sold on the lands for Mr. H. Harte, the tenant, his interest in the farm of Mount Rivers, Aghabullogue, within five miles of Coachford, with excellent dwelling house, out offices, etc. The farm contains 97a 3r, and is held at the yearly judicial rent of £57, the poor law valuation being £53 5s. After a brisk competition the farm was knocked down to Mr. P. Burke for £500.

SERVED WITH WRITS.

The following are the tenants on the Smith-Barry estate in the town of Tipperary who have been recently served with writs: Messrs. James O'Neill (The Irish House), whose new establishment, four years ago, cost £5,500; Mr. O'Neill employs upwards of thirty hands in his drapery establishment, Main street; John Ryan, whose grocery premises, Main street, some six years ago, cost £2,500; John Corrigan, stationer, who expended, two years ago, a large amount of money enlarging and remodeling his concern; William Eaton, butter merchant and landlord, Sandymount, near town; Edward Fitzgerald, grocer, Main street; Widow Fitzgerald, Main street, grocer; the executors of the late Timothy English, for several houses on Main street and St. Michael's street, built by the late Mr. English; the executors of the late Widow Shanahan, for houses on Main street. Mr. James Kennedy, Main street, was also served for a year's rent, £25. The second batch of ejectments will be out soon.

CONNAUGHT.

THE RIVER SHANNON.

Not for a number of years past has the river Shannon risen to such an alarming extent as during the recent floods caused by the continous rains, in and about Athlone. Hundreds of acres of land adjoining the river were covered with water, and a number of houses were completely submerged. From Athlone to the Seven Churches a number of families were obliged to abandon their homes, the result being that great destitution prevails. There has been great destruction of property. Large quantities of potatoes are rotting in the ground, and in consequence of the recent severe storm large quantities of hay and corn stored in haggards have been swept away. For miles the country is a series of lakes, rendering farm operations utterly impossible. In the districts of Clinnin and Carrick, near Athlone, many sheep and cattle have been lost.

CONVENTION FOR MAYO.

In Castlebar, on Jan. 15, the convention for Mayo, in connection with the Tenants' Defense Association, was held in the Town Reading Room, and from every point of view was a decided success. There was a very large attendance, the room proving far too small for the accomodation of the delegates. The clergy were present in large numbers. Almost every district in the county sent its delegation while the various public boards, were fully represented. The members of the Irish Party who were represented were Mr. David Sheehy, Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien, Mr. Luke Hayden, and Mr. Daniel Crilly, M. P.'s. The arrangements (which were in charge of Rev. Father Lyons, P. P.) were carried out in an excellent manner; and the proceedings throughout were of a most enthusiastic character.

MR. JOHN MORRIS.

Mr. John Morris, late clerk of Tuam Union, has been granted a superannuation allowance of two-thirds of his salary.

WOOLEN MANUFACTORY.

There is a prospect of a woolen manufactory being established in Sligo. A preliminary meeting of gentlemen interesting themselves in the project was held, recently, in the Town Hall, Sligo.

A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

At Sligo, on Jan. 9, a serious accident occurred at a football match between the Primrose Grange Football Club and the Sligo Hare and Hounds, by which Mr. George Acheson, of the former team, had his spine seriously injured. He remained unconscious on the ground for a time after the accident occurred, and when he regained his senses he had no power to move his limbs. Mr. Acheson died in the county infirmary the following morning.

SERIOUS CHARGE.

At the Loughrea petty sessions on Jan. 10, before Major Rogers, J. P.; Mr. Hickson, R. M., and Mr. W. Seymour, J. P., Michael Nielan, an Emergencyman, was prosecuted for having, on Dec. 21, 1889, presented a loaded revolver at John P. McCarthy. The bench dismissed the case as also a cross case brought by Nielan.

SERVED WITH SUMMONS.

An old woman of 75 years, named Widow Gleeson, residing on the outskirts of the town of Woodford, was served recently with a summons to attend a Star Chamber Coercion Court, at Mount Shannon, within eight miles of Woodford. She would not be permitted to even get her breakfast, but was taken at once to the constabulary barracks, placed on one of the police cars, and driven off to Mount Shannon, where Removables Joyce, of Athlone, and Hickson, of Loughrea, presided. It was stated that a man named Minogue was also placed under arrest and taken to court. It has transpired that the Star Chamber Court was held for the purpose of obtaining information relative to the supposed "infernal machine" which the police state they found in a house that had been vacant for two months, in Derrygolan, on the day of the eviction of Mr. Patrick McDermott and his ten subtenants. The mystery which has enveloped the matter ever since, the reticence of the police on the subject, and the insinuations that have been made as to the improbability of such a thing being placed there at all without the connivance of the authorities, seem to have roused them to a sense of the need of finding a scapegoat in the matter: but, why they pitched on the old widow is a mystery.

COERCION ACT.

On Jan. 11, a summons under the Coercion act was heared and determined in Gort, before Col. Tynte, and Mr. Mayne, R.M.'s, who came specially from Galway. There were two summonses under the act served on the defendant, Mr. Robert Glynn, of Gort, one for "conspiracy with others unknown" to compel Dr. J. P. Moran, of Gort, to abstain from hiring, using, or occupying certain premises in Gort. The other summons stated that defendant used "intimidation" towards Dr. J. P. Moran, with a view to cause him to surrender possession of a house in Gort. The latter case was investigated and occupied the entire day. Mr. Glynn was acquitted of the charge and the case was dismissed, the prosecution having completely failed to establish their case, so that no further proceedings will be taken in the matter.

ULSTER.

STATE LINE STEAMERS.

It is arranged that from Feb. 1 the steamers of the State Line shall call at Londonderry instead of Larne, on their way from Glasgow to New York.

SUDDEN DEATH.

First Lord of the Treasury Smith has intimated to Sir Algernon Borthwick that a grant of £150 from the Royal Bounty Fund will Be made to the widow of Mr. McKenna, of Belfast, who died rather suddenly while engaged as a sub editor on the London *Evening News*. Mr. McKenna died before he attained his fortieth year and left ten young children totally unprovided for.

TO FOUND A COLLEGE.

Henry Campbell, a Belfast merchant, died a few months ago leaving £200,000 to found a college for the sons of Presbyterian and Episcopal clergymen, and also a hospital. For several weeks past much correspondence has appeared in the newspapers as to how the money may be best utilized. The trustees have announced that they are gathering information as to the college they will found and endow, and that the balance will go to founding and endowing the hospital.

DONEGAL QUARTER SESSIONS.

Judge Webb opened the crown business at the Donegal quarter sessions. There were as usual no crown business. Commenting on the repeated presentation of white gloves, the judge said that since he became County Court Judge in Donegal he had been presented with white gloves so often that he was seriously considering the advisability of setting up a hosiery shop to dispose of the stock he had accumulated.

GREAT FIRE AT BELFAST.

On Saturday, Jan. 11, a fire broke out in the store of the flax and thread mills of Messrs. Lindsay, Thompson & Co., Limited. The damage is estimated at over twenty thousand pounds, and is covered by insurance. The machinery was not injured, and work has been resumed.

ARREST OF MR. MINSHEAD.

On the night of Jan. 14 a fire broke out in Londonderry, destroying the private residence of Mr. J. C. Minshead, a shirt factor, well known in this district. The police have thought it necessary to detain Mr. Minshead, pending inquiries. He is a highly respectable man, and the circumstances of his detention has caused great surprise.

WAYLAYING.

On the Castlerock Road, between six and seven o'clock, two farmers, named McFeill, residing at Collens, were set upon by four young men when returning from Coleraine. Thomas McNeill was beaten in such a manner that Dr. Morrison despairs of his life. Four arrests have been made.

KIDNAPPING.

A tramp named Catherine Clancy was arrested on a charge of kidnapping. She came into Mohill, and sought lodgings in the house of a laborer named Francis Kilkenny. When leaving she took one of Kilkenny's children, a boy about seven years of age, away with her. The child was shortly afterwards missed, and the police were at once communicated with. After seven hours searching they succeeded in arresting her with the child.

FIFTY YEARS A POOR LAW GUARDIAN.

At a meeting of the board of guardians, Cavan, the following resolution was proposed by Mr. John Tegan, J. P., seconded by Mr. Smith, and carried unanimously: "That on this day, the jubilee of the board, we beg to offer our congratulations to Mr. Thomas F. Knipe, J. P., the only survivor of the thirty-six members of the first board of guardians, which met in Cavan court house on Tuesday, the 7th day of January, 1840; that we desire to to bear testimony to the zeal displayed by him during the last fifty years in the interest of the poor and the ratepayers; and we hope he may be long spared to continue a member of the board; and this resolution be telegraphed to Mr. Knipe."

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

California.

As to California, incidentally I have mentioned scope, opportunity; and it is simply vast. People in the East have but faint conception even of the territorial extent of California. You may measure off from her domain a territory equal to that of New England, another equal to that of New York, yet another equal to that of Pennsylvania, and have left a tract equal in area to New Hampshire and Vermont. Counties there are the equivalent of states here. San Diego county is about the size of Massachusetts; San Barbara county is more than twice the size of the state of Rhode Island.

We hear a good deal of climate. The fact is that, within the state limits, one may find almost any climate. The state, running north and south, following the windings of the coast, is little less than a thousand miles in length. It traverses ten degrees of latitude; and ten degrees of latitude embrace Eastport and Cape Hatteras. Farther, it is traversed from end to end by a range of mountains, and is washed for its entire length by the Pacific Ocean. These conditions give California climate of endless variety. Traveling by the Central Pacific, one may in the early morning be in a howling snowstorm at Truckee, and ere noon, gliding down into the Sacramento Valley, look out upon miles of waving grain, gardens in the beauty of lilies and roses, fields aflame with wild flowers of every hue. In the southern portion of the state, in the San Gabriel Valley, he may pick oranges while looking up at the snow drifts on the summits above him. According to one's liking, too, warmer or cooler, he may always find a climate that shall be healthful and delightful.—*From "New England and California," by Rev. A. W. Jackson, in New England Magazine for February.*

Irish-American Council.

The Irish-American Council will meet at Fitzgerald's hall, corner of Halsted and Adams streets, on Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, to make arrangements for the Seventeenth of March. Each society is requested to send three delegates.

JOHN FOLEY, Pres't.
M. H. READY, Sec'y.

Why

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MR. FINERTY'S BOOK.

The Manuscript of the Volume on the Sioux Wars, of 1876 and 1879, Which Opened Dakota, Wyoming and Montana Fully to Settlement, Now Ready for the Press.

Mr. John F. Finerty has finished the manuscript of his forthcoming historical volume of personal experiences in the field, as war correspondent for the Chicago *Times*, during the great Sioux war of 1876, conducted by Generals Crook and Terry, in which General Custer and his immediate command perished, and which terminated the year following in the surrender of the war chief, Crazy Horse, with the main body of the hostiles; and also of Gen. Miles' expedition against Sitting Bull's band in Northern Montana, during the summer of 1879. As correspondent in the field for the Chicago *Times*, the editor of THE CITIZEN was an eye-witness of both campaigns, and his volume will contain an authentic account of those stirring scenes which made the years mentioned memorable in American history. The march, the camp, the bivouac, the buffalo hunt, the battle, the scout and the skirmish, will give a variety of adventure such as no experience of civilized warfare could furnish. As those two wars virtually terminated the stubbornly held power of the warlike Sioux tribes in the great West their history cannot fail to be interesting to every officer and enlisted man of the United States Army, and also to the American people at large. It will be the aim of the writer to keep alive his readers' interest in the narrative, without deviating from military exactness. In order, however, to satisfy the demands of the purely military reader, and, at the same time avoid dryness in the body of the volume, he will publish, in the form of an appendix, such official documents bearing on the campaigns in question as may be of importance.

The writer also accompanied the column of Gen. Merritt, which went to the rescue of the survivors of Maj. Thornburgh's detachment on Milk river, Colorado, in the fall of 1879, when the Ute Indians rose in rebellion and murdered their agent and his assistants; and he was with Gen. Eugene A. Carr, when that officer campaigned against the White Mountain Apaches, who had murdered Capt. Hentig and some soldiers of the Sixth Cavalry in the Cibicu valley, Arizona, in 1881. But these latter experiences, if compiled with Sioux campaigns, would make too bulky a volume, and their publication will be a matter for future action.

A good deal has been written in "dribs and drabs," as it were, of Indian campaigning in several of our territories, and much of it has been highly interesting; but the work now in course of preparation will have the advantage of having been written —the foundation of it, at least—in the very midst of the scenes and incidents which it will describe. There will be no attempt at picturesque exaggeration, because, in all truth, the experiences of the Sioux War excelled anything that the human imagination could create. Therefore, whatever merit the book may possess will be due quite as much to the opportunities of the author as to his qualifications as a historian.

The principal surviving officers who held command in the expeditions and scouts which John F. Finerty accompanied were: Major-Gen. George Crook; Brigadier Gen. Nelson A. Miles; Brig.-Gen. Wesley Merritt; Bvt. Maj Gen. Eugene A. Carr, colonel of the Sixth cavalry; Col. W. B. Royall, late of the Fourth cavalry, retired; Col. A. W. Evans, Third cavalry; Bvt. Colonel and Major Guy V. Henry, Ninth cavalry; Bvt. Colonel and Maj. Anson Mills, Tenth cavalry; Bvt. Col. and Maj. H. E. Noyes, U. S. A.; Col. T. H. Stanton, U.S.A.; Col. Alex. Chambers, U. S.A.; Maj. A. S Burt, U.S.A.; Maj. Luhn, U.S.A.; Maj. Burke, Fourteenth infantry; Maj. P. D. Vroom, U. S. A.; Maj. T. C. Tupper, Sixth cavalry; Major G. M. Randall, Twenty-third infantry; Capt. Charles King, U. S. A., the famed military novelist, late of the Fifth cavalry, retired; Capt. John G. Bourke, Third cavalry, formerly aid to Gen. Crook; Capt. Rice, Fifth infantry; Capt. Baldwin, Fifth infantry; Lieut. O. F. Long, Fifth infantry; Lieut. Frederick W. Sibley, Second cavalry, commander of the celebrated "Sibley Scout," of which Mr. Finerty was the only journalistic attache; and a number of others more or less distinguished.

The details of publication have been nearly completed, but it is settled that the volume will be put before the public at popular prices, and in good form. When all the details of publishing the book have been agreed upon, due announcement will be made in these columns and elsewhere.

H.R.EAGLE

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Pop Corn Poppers, each	10 cts
New Hickory Nuts, per lb	4 cts
Half Pint Bottle Worcestershire Sauce, per bottle	6 cts
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DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF FREDERICK PAYNE, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Frederick Payne, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April A. D. 1890, being the 21st day thereof. EDWARD DELORENZO, Administrator.

Dated Chicago, February 4, 1890.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF ROSE PAYNE, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Rose Payne, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1890, being the 21st day thereof. EDWARD DELORENZO, Administrator.

Dated Chicago, February 4, 1890.

ALCHEMY.

A dull gray sky and a chilly air,
With never a glint of the golden sun,
The trees are tossing their branches bare,
All stripped of their leafage fresh and fair;
I am lonely; my heart is full of care,
And I wish that the day were done.

No cheer; no comfort, my grief to deaden
He did not come, and the day is leaden.
* * * * * *
Was ever a cloud so soft a gray?
And keen and pure is the chilly air,
The delicate branches softly sway;
Etched on the sky seems each twig and spray;
How swiftly the hours speed away
And my heart has never a care.

Ah, love is the wizard gray and olden.
He came! He came! And the day is golden!
—Housekeeper's Weekly.

CHECKMATE.

Old Mr. Archer was a devoted chess player and an expert, at that. He held chess to be the only game fit for a gentleman. There were few of his acquaintances who could cope with him, and but one of them who could match him fairly. That was James Bittles, his lawyer. It was a close contest between the two—first one ahead and then the other.

Bittles stood high at the bar, but he mainly won and retained Archer's confidence by his ability as a chess player. He was barely 40, and Archer maintained that by the time he reached 60 he would surpass all those around.

Archer had a daughter—his only child. Her father had married late in life, and ten years after the birth of the girl her mother had died. Letty held a place in his heart next to chess itself. A bright, lively and pretty girl was Letty Archer, and she would be an heiress to something over a million. Her father feared she would become the prey of a fortune hunter, and endeavored to avert it by the provisions of his will. He neglected to execute his testament, however, until Letty was nearly twenty years old, and a spinster still. It was none too soon, for the week after he died suddenly of an apoplectic fit.

When the will was opened it was found that Bittles was named sole executor and constituted guardian of Letty until she was 21, and trustee of all the estate, real and personal. The conditions of the trust were that, if Letty married with the consent of Bittles, the trustee was to turn over to her all the property on the day of the wedding, and so long as she remained unmarried after 21 to pay her the rents and the interest as they accrued; but if she married without his consent, she was to receive only five thousand a year, and the residue of the estate beyond that necessary to secure this payment was to be conveyed to a third party or her heirs. This third party was described as:

"Catherine Sinclair, daughter of Gordon Sinclair, now or late of the city of Baltimore, and the state of Maryland, if she be still single; or, if she be a married woman, then to the said Catherine Sinclair, by whatever name she may be now known, to her and her heirs forever."

A further provision was that in case the said Catherine Sinclair, by whatever name she might be known, was dead, and had left an heir or heirs, the property over and above the reserved amount in the contingency mentioned was given, devised and bequeathed to him, her or them. Who Catherine Sinclair or her father was, Letty could not tell, nor could the lawyer, but it was suggested that it was an early flame of Archer's. Some thought that the possible legatee was mythical, and brought forward to scare Letty from making an imprudent match. But the power of Bittles in the matter was as absolute as pen and ink could make it.

Bittles proved himself to be a vigilant guardian and a careful trustee—guarding his ward against adventurers, and managing the estate with prudence and vigor. Everything went well until about ten months after Archer's death. Then the current of affairs rippled a little. Letty and Bittles both fell in love—Letty with Carter Cooke, a young man who belonged to what, before the late war, was known as "one of the first families of Virginia," and Bittles, in spite of his forty-one years, with Letty, who did not care a snap for him, looking upon the middle aged bachelor as a venerable person, and bestowing her heart upon his younger rival. Love is like the measles, and if we be attacked with it in middle age, the disorder assumes an aggravated form. Bittles had a very severe attack indeed.

Letty might well be excused for reciprocating the feelings of Carter Cooke. The young man was not only by blood, but by culture and associations, a gentleman, with no censurable habits, and with polished manners. He had a well proportioned figure, as well as a pleasing face; and he did not even drop his r's, as so many of the tidewater Virginians do. He was well liked in New York, where he spent about half of the year; and though not by any means a fifth as rich as Letty would be, was possessed of a handsome competence. Bittles pronounced him to be a fortune hunter, and frowned upon his suit, really because it interfered with the one he wished to make. Letty was not of an age to reflect on the serious consequences of her guardian's disapproval, and, had she been, her cheerful temper would have led her to optimism. Then Carter Cooke was a skillful chess player, and Letty, who had been taught by her father, was about as expert as he, which strengthened the bond between them.

The wooing went on in spite of the frowns of Bittles, and the latter began to show the bitterness of defeat. This was seen when the young lover, with Letty's consent, made a formal proposal to the guardian for the hand of his ward.

"No, sir; decidedly, no!" replied Bittles. "I have nothing against you personally, Mr. Cooke. Your respectability is undoubted; but I do not consider you, nor will any one else, a match for Miss Archer in fortune. I have examined the statement your counsel laid before me, and find you have barely four thousand a year, while the property of my ward yields twelve times that amount, most of it in real estate that is rising in value. I should be false to my duty if I approved of the match under such circumstances."

"Very good, sir," retorted Cooke. "Far be it from me to say that disappointed pretensions of your own prompt your refusal. I will admit that it is a mere sense of duty, if that admission pleases you. But I am authorized by Letty to say that when she arrives at the age of 21, should your consent to our marriage be refused, we will marry without it. That will be the next move on the board, Mr. Bittles."

"You are playing a costly game, sir."

"Not at all, sir. At all events, I shall call on the bishop to capture your queen," replied Cooke, good humoredly, and bowed himself out of the office with mock courtesy.

When Letty heard of this positive refusal, in spite of her avowed contempt for money, she was disposed to be downcast. But Carter whispered to her a secret, a proverbially dangerous thing to do to a woman, and Letty, after a look of astonishment, burst into a ripple of silvery laughter.

"Oh, you dear, delightful Carter!" she exclaimed. "Who would have thought it!"

And Letty renewed her laughter, for the secret seemed to her the most comical thing in the world.

Bittles did not desire at all to exact the penalty; but he did very much desire to break the disagreeable connection. But how? Letty went into society under the chaperonage of Mrs. Burroughs, Bittle's own sister, a well to do widow, who was four years his senior, and liked the mild kind of dissipation which she enjoyed by virtue of her office. At all routs, kettledrums, parties and the opera, or wherever Letty went, Carter Cooke was sure to be; and Letty suffered him to assume the right of prospective ownership in a way that drove all other suitors from the field. Letty made no secret of her feelings, and wore her engagement ring openly. Mrs. Burroughs, who liked Cooke, tacitly aided and abetted. It soon became known that Bittles frowned on Cooke, and folks were curious to learn how the affair would end, as though, in such a case, with two willful young persons, it could end in any way but one. Bittles was duly informed of his open courtship, and the lectures he bestowed on Letty in consequence only increased his ward's dislike to himself, until it deepened to positive aversion.

Bittles trusted to time and the chances. He did not believe that Letty, when the pinch came, would sacrifice so large a portion of her property for a mere girlish love, which might be destroyed at any time by a lover's quarrel; nor that Cooke, whom he had brought himself to believe had mercenary motives, would care to take her with so much less money. Nine thousand a year to one of Letty's expensive habits meant almost exclusive rural residence; and he knew that Letty did not like living in the country, except during the time of flowers and sunshine, and then varied by Newport and Saratoga. Bittles waited, not without hope.

He had calculated on an ally in his sister, and, to insure her co-operation, told her of his hopes and fears. She laughed at him.

"James," she said, "this is the most absurd thing possible. She is about half your age. You have staid, old bachelor habits, and Letty, though she's a good girl, is fond of life, society and racket. She'd drive you mad in six months, and put you in the grave in less than a year. If you must make an exhibition of yourself matrimonially, choose some rich widow of 30 to 40, who would suit you better."

"Hang rich widows!"

"Quite polite and complimentary, considering that I am a widow with a comfortable income. You had better give it up. I have sounded Letty to the depths, and know that she loves young Cooke; and he is—barring fortune—a capital mate for her. I would have preferred her to have made a richer match, but they will have enough between them."

"No, they'll not; for I will never give my consent. I'll take her from you—lock her up, if need be"——

"You are a lawyer, and know better, James. You may refuse your consent, though every one will penetrate your motives and laugh at you; but as to the locking up—they do such things in plays and novels, not in real life."

"She is under my control until she is 21."

"Oh, yes—doubtless; that is, nominally—for three months more. Then she'll marry in spite of you. If you strip her of all but five thousand a year, you'll incur general reproach and gain no satisfaction in the long run. The best you can do is to keep off the wedding for a short time. Give in. If you were ten years younger I might strain a point to help you—not as it is."

As the Irish peasant girls say, "she was as stiff as he was stout," and Bittles fell back on his move of the forfeiture, which he thought would deter both parties for some time, and, in the meanwhile, no one could tell what a chance quarrel, a newer face or the whims of a woman might do.

Just then fate seemed to come to the assistance of the guardian lover. It assumed the shape of a new suitor, or something like it, and, to the delight of Bittles, it was also a Virginian—Maj. Bolling.

"Fire fight fire," thought Bittles.

Maj. Phil Bolling was considerably older than Carter Cooke, as he should have been, since he had fought in the sectional war, ridden with Jeb Stuart, and tasted the horrors of prison life at Elmira. Originally in comfortable circumstances, the war had stripped him of much, and reduced him to a plantation on tidewater, large but not profitable, and some houses at Richmond, whose rents formed his income. The major was of the old school, popular with the ladies, to whom he showed a respect almost reverential, and liked to come north for two or three months—his wintering there, and his summering at the White Sulphur, consuming his surplus means. He was very much attracted by Letty Archer, and she liked to chat with him, and draw out his old fashioned courtesy. They moved in the same set and met frequently.

Carter Cooke was at this time called southward on business, and the major slid into his place in spite of his years and displayed an attentiveness that led people to suspect that he had pretensions. To the surprise of Mrs. Burroughs this grew into an almost confidential intimacy. Cooke seemed to have been forgotten in his absence, and Bittles chuckled. The gallant ex-officer showed himself to be under a spell, and expressed his admiration in the most positive terms.

"I assuah you, my deah madam," said he to the widow, "that Miss Ahchuh is a young lady, that, besides her youth and beauty, has mo' of the cotely mannah of the fuhst families of Virginiah than any gentlewoman except you'self, that I have had the good fawchune to meet yet in society."

Letty and the major got along famously, and his adulation apparently quite supplied the absence of Cooke. This was supplemented by the attentions of her guardian, who became kind and bland again.

Letty's twenty-first birthday came around, and Mrs. Burroughs' stately mansion was thrown open in honor of the event. It was an informal reception, to last during the day. The major was specially invited; so was Carter Cooke, who had just returned from his place at Highover, where he had been superintending repairs and alterations in the old family mansion. Bittles was there, of course, gorgeously arrayed in honor of the occasion.

About noon Letty was missing, and the absence of the major was noted. Cooke had not yet come. Letty was not to be found in the house, but one of the servants had noticed that she and the major had gone out together, entered a coach in waiting on the corner, and been driven away. It was most extraordinary, and Bittles grew excited over the fact. The guests present heard of it, and admitted that it was a singular thing at such a time. It was, probably, a girlish freak, to result in some surprise; and so it proved.

At 1 o'clock a number of coaches drew up before the door. From the foremost of these descended the major, who handed out Letty, who was followed by Cooke. From the other coaches there alighted a number of "the set." It was quite a little procession that filed in, the major at the head, as proud and self appreciating as a drum major at the head of a street parade.

"Well, here you are," said Bittles. "I really began to fear, major, that you and my ward had eloped."

"Nothing of that kind, sah, I assuah yuh," replied the other. "I was me'ly the best man on this joyful occasion. I have the honah to introduce you to Mr. and Mrs. Cahtah Cooke!"

"Married!" cried Bittles, aghast.

"Yes, sir," responded Cooke. "My bishop in the shape of a surpliced clergyman has enabled me to capture your queen." And he drew Letty's arm within his own.

"Very well, sir. Miss Archer is of age and has a right. But, as she has married without my consent, she has thrown away a large fortune for a beggarly five thousand a year. I shall search for the heirs of Catherine Sinclair to-morrow. You have taken the queen; I cry check to the king, sir!"

"Excuse me, sir," retorted Cooke, "but you utterly mistake the situation on the board. Mrs. Cooke will have a larger allowance of pin money. I shall make it ten thousand, with an unlimited command of a check book, which your action has made equal to a heavy drain."

"My action! pooh! stuff!"

"Oh, no, sir! You need not hunt far to-morrow. My cousin here, Maj. Bolling, who is the genealogist to both families, can show you by the record that Catherine Sinclair, daughter of Gordon Sinclair, married with the fourth Carter Cooke, of Highover, and unfortunately died three years since, four years after her husband. She left one heir, a son, the fifth Carter Cooke, whom I have the honor to present to you as the husband of your ward and the happiest man on earth. Mr. Bittles, checkmate!"—Thomas Dunn English in New York Ledger.

Thinning Apples.

The following advantages are given by a successful orchardist of thinning the apples on heavy bearing trees while the fruit is small: (1) You get rid of the knotty and wormy apples before they have grown long enough to occupy the places of better ones. (2) You thus destroy, before they can increase, the insects in such as are stung by the curculio and infested by the codling worm. (3) The best ones being left, they have plenty of room to grow into large, fine, salable specimens. (4) You are not obliged to gather twice as many small ones, the labor of picking depending on number and not on size. (5) The bad ones are removed in time at less than half the labor required for hand picking when they become large. (6) You avoid much labor in assorting the gathered crop and in separating the scabby and knurly from the best fruit. (7) The moderate crop which is allowed to grow will exhaust the trees less than the heavy crop of poor and seedy specimens. He thinks that to allow all the poor and worthless apples to grow is like the practice of the farmer who would permit all coarse weeds to grow in his corn, to be assorted from his grain after harvesting.—Country Gentleman.

Musical Flames.

The well known experiment of making sounds by holding a tube over a jet of buring gas (usually hydrogen) is often omitted in chemistry classes because no suitable tubing is at hand. A fact not noted in any text book I have seen, and unknown to all teachers that I have consulted, has been brought to light in my classes, viz.: a bottle will serve in place of a tube. A "philosopher's candle" properly burning will yield a fine sound if capped by a wide mouthed bottle, as a quinine bottle or a large test tube. Of course, this is according to the principles of acoustics, but it seems strange that no text book gives it. I should like to know if this fact is known to any one else.—T. Berry Smith in Science.

CLAASSEN SURRENDERS

The President of the Sixth National Bank in Court.

HELD TO BAIL IN THE SUM OF $30,000.

He Makes a Statemant to a News Agency Denying in Full All the Charges Against Him—A Notice on the Sixth National Bank Informing Depositors That They Will Be Paid in Full—Other Financial Crookedness.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—About noon Friday a well-dressed man walked into Kiernan's news agency on Broad street. He had a shrewd but disagreeable face. He was apparently about forty-five years old. He announced himself as Peter J. Claassen, president of the Sixth National bank, and told the group of astonished employes that he had a statement to make. He dictated a statement denying in full all the charges against him, particularly the ones charging him with paying for the bank out of its own funds and attempting to wreck it, and then calmly walked out, hunted up counsel, through them made arrangements with the officials, relieving him from the necessity of being locked up during the night, and at 6:30 appeared with counsel before the United States commissioner, when it was arranged that he should appear at 10 a. m. Saturday, in the meantime remaining at large under the custody of two marshals and his attorney.

Joyful News for Depositors.

At 11:55 Saturday morning the following notice was posted on the door of the Sixth National bank: "Mr. Leland has advanced funds sufficient to guarantee payment of depositors in full at as early a date as proper arrangements can be made for that purpose." It was signed by A. B. Hepburn, the examiner. The bank was still closed, however, and no official information was obtainable with regard to the particulars of the arrangement. A clerk of the bank, however, said that the arrangement had been made by Mr. Hepburn's attorney, Mr. Wetmore, in connection with the clearing house.

Bail Fixed at $30,000.

President Claassen was arraigned before Commissioner Shields Saturday morning. The examination was asked to be adjourned and the commissioner set the hearing down for Wednesday next at 2 o'clock. The bail was fixed at $30,000 and Claassen was given into the marshal's custody to await bondsmen.

HIS CREDITORS WERE EASY.

An Indiana Man Gathers Up His Cash and Skips Out.

LAPORTE, Ind., Feb. 1.—Jacob Heim, proprietor of the Heim carriage works at Bremen, has mysteriously disappeared. Heim was one of the most prominent business men of the place. He was a member of the city council and president of the Building and Loan association, and everybody thought him to be prospering nicely until about a month ago when a strike was entered on by his employes, who wanted their back wages; but as business was resumed in a few days nothing much was thought of it. The creditors, thinking him to be a little pressed financially, for the time withheld their claims, as they did not want to force him to the wall, and supposed he would pay in time. He collected his back accounts very closely, turned all of his notes into cash, and is missing. The liabilities are variously estimated at from $8,000 to $15,000.

Fall of a Prominent Churchman.

LONDON, Ont. Feb. 1.—J. W. Parker, of Burlington, Kan., was arrested here on a charge of forgery. Parker was in the real estate business, and is charged with forging the name of Farmer Dwight to a note of $200. Marshal Chess, of Burlington, traced Parker and his wife to Chicago, Detroit and this city, and caught him just as he was taking a train for Hamilton. It is alleged that Parker has defrauded farmers around Burlington of $15,000 by collecting payment of notes which did not belong to him. Parker occupied a high position in Burlington, and was a prominent member of the Methodist church there. Extradition papers will be applied for.

Short in His Accounts and Missing.

DETROIT, Mich., Feb. 1.—Charles J. Lochbiler, bond clerk in the Detroit custom house has been missing for three weeks and a deficiency of $2,000 has been discovered in his accounts. A warrant has been issued for his apprehension.

Nye and Riley Dissolve Partnership.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Feb. 1.—A special to The Commercial Gazette from Louisville says Bill Nye, the humorist, and James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, who have been traveling through the country giving readings of their writings, have dissolved partnership. The cause of the trouble is sensational, and will pain and surprise thousands who have been entertained by Mr. Riley's humor and pathos. Mr. Nye says Mr. Riley has become a confirmed drunkard. The manager of the combination says his case is hopeless, and that he has been compelled to cancel numerous dates and Riley's conduct has been a continual cause of anxiety and expense.

Not to Extend the Life of Patents.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 30.—Two very important actions were taken by the house committee on patents Thursday. The most important of these was the adoption of a motion not to report favorably to the house any bill to extend the life of patents. This will rid the calendar of the committee of about one-half of the pending bills. The other action was to refer all patent claims before the committee to the house committee on claims. By this action the calendar is cut still shorter, and only a small number of bills are left for the committee to work upon.

Fatal Explosion in a Mine.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Feb. 1.—A terrific explosion occurred in the Nottingham shaft of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre coal company. At the time of the explosion ten men were in the mine, and all were more or less injured. John B. Humphreys died while being removed from the debris. John Crosin was buried beneath the falling rock and his body has not yet been recovered. William Roberts, a boy, is also missing. The injuries of three others will probably prove fatal.

The Montana Imbroglio.

HELENA, Mont., Feb. 1.—The Republican house Friday morning ordered the sheriff to arrest and bring in the Democratic members at the afternoon session. The Democrats met in their hall and announced that they would not submit to the order. Considerable excitement prevailed for a time, but the Republicans finally reconsidered their action. The supreme judge advise against compelling the Democrats to attend.

NO FIRES THERE.

A People who Shiver for Six Months and Perspire During the Rest of the Year.

Fashion rules the world over. Every people has customs of its own, many of them strange enough to outsiders. Mr. Curtis, in his "Capitals of Spanish America," comments upon one of the curious notions prevalent in Santiago, a city which he describes as "by far the most modern and elegant fashionable resort in South America." Although the climate of Santiago is similar to that of Washington or St. Louis, the people have an idea that fires in their houses are unhealthful, and, except in dwellings built by English or American residents, there is nothing like a grate or stove to be found. Every one wears the warmest sort of underclothing and heavy wraps indoors and out. The people spend six months of the year in a perpetual shiver and the other six in a perpetual perspiration. It looks rather odd to see civilized people sitting in a parlor surrounded by every possible luxury, fire alone excepted, wrapped in furs and rugs, with blue noses and chattering teeth, when coal is cheap and the mountains are covered with timber; but nothing can convince a Chilisno that artificial heat is healthful, and during the winter, which is the rainy season, he has not the wit to warm his chilled body.

It is odd, too, to see in the streets men wearing fur caps, and with their throats wrapped in heavy mufflers, while the women who walk beside them have nothing at all on their heads. During the morning, while on their way from mass, or while shopping, the women wear the manta, as they do in Peru, but in the afternoon, on the promenade or when riding, they go bareheaded. The prevailing diseases are pneumonia and other throat and lung troubles, and during the winter the mortality from these causes is immense, but the Chillano persists in believing that artificial heat poisons the atmosphere, and when he visits the home of a foreigner, and finds a fire, he will ask that the door be left ajar so that he may be as chilly as usual. At fashionable gatherings, dinner parties and the like, women may be seen in full evening dress, with bare arms and shoulders, while the temperature of the room is between 40 and 50 degs. Fahrenheit.

An Ancient Toy.

In the Sixteenth century Regiomantamons made an iron fly which moved through the atmosphere, and afterward an automatic eagle which, on the arrival of the Emperor Maximilian at Nuremburg, flew forth to meet him.

But one of the most wonderful of such inventions of which we have record was a group of automata constructed by Philip Camus for Louis XIV. This consisted of a coach and four horses that started off with a crack of a whip, the horses prancing, trotting and galloping in turn. It ran along until it got in front of the king, when it stopped. Then a toy footman descended, and, opening the carriage door, handed out a lady 'with born grace,' as the records tell us. The lady made a courtesy, presented a petition to the emperor, re-entered her carriage and was driven rapidly away. Such is a description of this most wonderful automaton," concluded Mr. Biare. "I never saw the toy itself, of course, but the description just given to you tallies almost word for word with an authentic record. I memorized the latter at one time, so marvelous did it seem to me."—Philadelphia Press.

Some Dogs Do Know a Heap.

They were telling dog stories in the agricultural department, and after Walter De Wolf had narrated some of the remarkable instances of his dog's wonderful intelligence, Mr. Will Henderson began talking.

"The father of De Wolf's dog," he said, "is nearly the most intelligent animal I ever saw. Why, he can almost talk. I used to give him a quarter every morning, and he took it in his mouth way into town, and would wait at the butcher's until they gave him his meat and fifteen cents change to bring back. One day the butcher thought he would play a joke, and he gave that dog back ten cents change instead of fifteen. Sadly the dog looked at the two nickels for a minute; then he went out. Five minutes later he returned leading a policeman by the end of his coat. Now that is a dog worth"——

But the room was empty.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Alarm Bottle for Poisons.

A Chicago man has invented a bottle stopper to be used exclusively for poisons. The superiority over the old fashioned article lies in the construction of the stopper. The projection which enters the neck of the bottle is ground glass, with a small hole in one side, through which protrudes a little rod or trigger. The top of the stopper is covered with a small bell inclosing cog wheels, which are so arranged that when the stopper is removed the bell will ring. When it is laid down it rings again, and when returned to its place in the bottle it again sounds an alarm. The mechanism is so arranged that it is absolutely impossible to remove or replace the stopper without first ringing the bell, thus making it impossible for a druggist, if he is careful in the filling of his bottles, to deal out poison in the place of harmless drugs without receiving a warning as to the dangerous nature of the preparation.—Chicago News.

Senator Davis and His Wife.

It was the good fortune of Davis to win a splendid woman, and it was Miss Agnew's good fortune to wed one who was destined to occupy a seat in the United States senate. Mrs. Davis soon became prominent in Washington as a social leader, though she is by no means ashamed of having made her living by the needle. Indeed, she makes her own clothes because she can make them better than the artists in that line. She is now a very accomplished woman, painting in oil and waters, speaking or reading several languages and being an excellent horsewoman.—Washington Letter.

The Gift of Gab.

George Stephenson was a strong and original thinker on many scientific subjects, but he had not always sufficient fluency of speech to defend his views. One evening he held an animated discussion with an acquaintance, Dr. Buckland, on the theory of the formation of coal, and as Buckland excelled him in tongue fence, Stephenson was completely silenced. Next morning he was walking thoughtfully through his grounds, when Sir William Follett came up, and asked what he was pondering. "Why, Sir William," said he, "I am thinking over that argument I had with Buckland last night. I know I am right, and that if I had only his command of words I should have beaten him." "Let me know all about it," said Sir William, "and I'll see what I can do for you."

The two sat down in an arbor, and the astute lawyer entered with zeal into the points of the case. When he had completely mastered the subject, he said: "Now I am ready for him." After dinner Sir Robert Peel, who had been acquainted with the plot, adroitly introduced the subject of the controversy, and the result was that in the argument which followed the man of science was overcome by the man of law. "And what do you say, Mr. Stephenson?" asked Sir Robert, laughing. "Why," he replied, "I say this: that of all the powers above and under the earth, there seems to me to be no power so great as the gift of gab."—San Francisco Argonaut.

He Was All Music.

To the people who lived in Fayette forty years ago and earlier Aaron Winslow was well known. He had a never failing fund of wit and humor, and was an inveterate practical joker. When he was a boy, if there was any drollery or deviltry going on he was sure to have a hand in it. He was a noted old time singing master and taught many singing schools in this and the neighboring towns. He would get so engrossed in music as to forget everything else.

Once he worked for Mr. Moses Walton, of South Chesterfield, in haying time. A shower was coming up. One load of hay was hurriedly put on and started for the barn. Aaron drove the oxen.

Said Mr. Walton: "Don't go to singing, Aaron, for if you do you'll be sure to upset the load."

He drove carefully at first, but soon the musical spirit got hold of him and he began to sing. The cattle went any way; one wheel dropped into a stone-hole; the load of hay was overturned and drenched by the rain.

When he lived on the farm where Mr. N. P. Fellows now resides he worked away one day in winter with his cattle and came home late. He turned the oxen into the barnyard and went into the house to warm himself. Ere long he took down the violin and singing book and commenced to play and sing. The poor beasts stayed, yoked, in the yard, without food or shelter, all through the long winter night, owing to the all absorbing passion for music of the absent minded Aaron.—Lewiston Journal.

Apt Scholars.

There have been only two train robberies on the Mexican Central railroad since it was completed. The robbers started in with great enthusiasm, but so did the government, capturing and killing every one implicated, and now a veteran brigand sits on a rock and sees a passenger train whirl by without even wondering how many drummers and diamond pins are aboard.—Detroit Free Press.

TALKS WITH HER ARM.

Where a Deaf and Dumb Girl Carries the Alphabet and How She Uses It.

"James V. Dorpman and daughter, Lodge Pole, Nebraska," is written in a bold hand on the register at the Ridgway house. Mr. Dorpman is a tall, well built man of 60 years, with a long beard strongly tinged with gray. His daughter is about 18 years old. She has an intelligent, pretty face and the brightest and bluest kind of bright blue eyes.

When Mr. Dorpman and his daughter first came to the Ridgway house they attracted the attention and curiosity of the guests by their strange behavior. Whether in the parlor or in the dining room, Mr. Dorpman always sat on the left hand side of his daughter and tapped her left arm constantly with the fingers of his right hand, as though playing on a typewriter. His fingers skipped nimbly at random from the girl's wrist almost to her shoulder and back again. At intervals he paused and the girl smiled, nodded her head or else tapped her left arm in the same manner with the fingers of her right arm, the old man closely watching their movements.

The strange actions of the couple were subjects of continual comment and speculation among the guests. Finally some one noticed that the father and daughter were never heard to exchange a word. They always sat quietly when in each other's presence, and were always drumming on the girl's arm as if it were a pianoforte. The girl kept away from the other guests of her sex, and was never seen in conversation with any one. At the dining table Mr. Dorpman gave the orders to the waiters both for himself and his daughter. When Proprietor Butterworth met the young woman on the stairs and said affably, "Good morning," she never answered.

The strange actions of the couple occasioned such widespread comment and curiosity among the guests that finally Proprietor Butterworth approached Mr. Dorpman while he was standing at the cigar counter one day, and after a few minutes of general conversation asked him to explain the cause of his constant tapping on his daughter's arm.

"So you've noticed that, eh?" said Mr. Dorpman with a laugh. "Well, that is how I talk to Hattie. She is deaf and dumb."

Mr. Butterworth asked him how he was able to converse with his daughter by simply drumming on her arm.

"You'll think it is easy after I tell you," he answered. "You must remember that we came from an obscure part of Nebraska, settled there with my wife a quarter of a century ago. Eighteen years ago, when Hattie was born, there was not a house within a mile of us, nor a city within sixty miles. As the child grew older we discovered that she was deaf and dumb. We were at a loss how to communicate with her. We were far away from a civilized community, and no one that we knew was familiar with the sign manual for deaf mutes, so that the baby grew to be a child before we could devise a scheme to talk to her.

"Finally my wife hit upon a novel idea. She got a clever young fellow who worked for us to tattoo the alphabet on Hattie's arm. The letter 'A' began just above the wrist, and the letter 'Z' ended just below the shoulder blade. Hattie was then 6 years old. In less than a year by this means my wife and I had taught her the alphabet.

"Then we began to spell out words by touching each letter very slowly with our fingers. As the child learned we became faster, and when Hattie was 12 years old we were able to talk to her as rapidly as a person can spell out words on a typewriter. Hattie, too, learned to answer us by drumming on her tattooed arm. Of course, for several years at first, when we wanted to talk to her, or she to us, she had to roll up the sleeve of her left arm. Gradually her sense of touch became so fine that she knew without looking just where each letter was located, and her mother and I, by constant practice, were enabled to strike these letters with her sleeves rolled down.

"The tattoo was not very deep, and by the time Hattie was 16 years of age it had entirely disappeared, leaving her arm as white and spotless as a woman's arm could be. But she knows just where each letter was, and so do I, for I have been drumming on her arm ever since she was knee high to a grasshopper. Of course, I am the only person alive able to talk with her, as my wife died about six months ago, but I hope to arrange so that she may be able to talk to others. While we are on east I am going to get some one to instruct her in the sign manual. She is bright and quick and will soon learn."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Boston's Literary Janitors.

Not long ago Gen. Corse received a complaint from a well known woman of letters, who passes the winter months in Boston, to the effect that her copy of the Atlantic Monthly was invariably delayed much after the time when it should naturally be received. When finally it did come to hand the leaves were always cut and it bore the appearance of having been read in transit. She was inclined to the belief that some one connected with the postoffice, a carrier, perhaps, was in the habit of taking it home to read before delivering it. The complaint seemed reasonable, and an inspector was detailed to look the matter up. He soon discovered that the postoffice and its employes were guiltless in the matter, but that the janitor of the hotel in which the lady had her apartments was in the habit of retaining her Atlantic for a time for his own perusal.—Boston Record.

Parnell's Counsel.

It is reported that the total amount paid to Parnellite counsel is £20,000. Sir Charles Russell received £7,000, Mr. Lockwood and Mr. R. T. Reed (both Q. C.'s) were paid £3,500 each, Mr. Edward Harrington and Mr. Asquith, £1,500 each, and Sir Charles Russell's son and the two other juniors were each rewarded for their labors by the payment of £1,000.—Montreal Star.

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"In May last, my youngest child, fourteen months old, began to have sores gather on its head and body. We applied various simple remedies without avail. The sores increased in number and discharged copiously. A physician was called, but the sores continued to multiply until in a few months they nearly covered the child's head and body. At last we began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a few days a marked change for the better was manifest. The sores assumed a more healthy condition, the discharges were gradually diminished, and finally ceased altogether. The child is liveller, its skin is fresher, and its appetite better than we have observed for months."—Frank M. Griffin, Long Point, Texas.

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Columbia Court No. 2—Thos Malley, C R, 94 Ramsey st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 3 Smart st; E D LeTourneau, F S; F J Sheehy, Treas; Dr J B Phelan, C P. Meet 1st Thursday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in McElroy's hall, corner Indiana, and Paulina sts.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 158 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 N Indiana st; Hugh P Morea, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—P T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2516 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 503 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3023 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 352 Wells st; J P Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr J E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Reilly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Demlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sousee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fols, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in South Chicago.

St. Patrick's hall, SouthChicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legenia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lavrenz, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, as Franchere's hall, 186 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 226 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Symon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O'Foley, R S, 413 Wanbansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—P Farel, C R, 363 Blue Island av; John Barggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 236 Cleveland av; Joseph F Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawlonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 323 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 341 Orchard st; John J Bindaaer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schoener, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringa, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 238 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 3534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Fiugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3127 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3044 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3127 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 3:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Vean, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Vena, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Transchit, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagonsarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 446 31st st; J J Keaney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Oronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams-sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.

County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3023 Fifth avenue.

County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.

County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st; Thos. Halpin, V.-P; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec, 928 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2525 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S Halsted-st; P. F. Radigan, Fin.Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 602 Forty-third-st; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall. Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 446 Orden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st.; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin.Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 98 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 396 W Indiana st; Fin.Sec., M. E. Lynch. Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 3902 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin.Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrio hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3023 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Malcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3739 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Hegarty; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Lofus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresnahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3231 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 716 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 166 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av. V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1229 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—Pres. William J. Dougherty, 47th st. and Centre av.; V.-P., J. McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., Thomas Baker, 4714 Loomis st.; Fin. Sec., James Doherty; Treas., Patrick Grace. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHenna, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J F Doherty; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4428 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1066 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Biren; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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Terrence Donahue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

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T. F. Thornton, 2010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Dan Gallagher, Box 406, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 223 Union av, St. Paulo, Ill.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Neonan, 33 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.

John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.

Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.

P

MATRIMONIAL.

COYLE-M'CULLOUGH.

The unprecedented number of weddings which have taken place in Nashville since Christmas, says a correspondent of *The New South* of Memphis, together with those which will occur between now and Shrove Tuesday is something remarkable. Among those who have recently united their destinies—happy it is to be hoped—may be mentioned Dr. James M. Coyle and Miss Adelaide McCullough, the groom a talented and successful physician, and the bride a gifted and estimable young lady of rare musical gifts and accomplishments. They have been sojourning in Florida since the wedding, but are expected home this week.

LAFFEY-DOWD.

St. Columba's church, East Nashville, was also filled a few days later with the many friends of Mr. M. J. Laffey and Miss Maggie T. Dowd, who were married during the nuptial mass. Both these young people are well known and highly esteemed, and, after a short visit to friends in the north, returned home and settled down in a neat little cottage on the East Side.

BRADY-O'DONNELL.

Henry P. Brady, a brother of the well known race-horse owner P. A. Brady, was married on Wednesday to Miss Nallie O'Donnell, the daughter of ex-County Commissioner O'Donnell, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Father Hodnett, of St. Malachy's church. James Baggott was best man and Miss Kate O'Donnell, a sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, while the ushers were Thomas and Joseph Scanlon. Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. P. O'Donnell, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. W. Sullivan, Mrs. Conway, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Williams, Miss Nellie Grady, Mrs. Grady and daughter, J. W. Barker and wife, Mrs. Southwick, Mrs. David Walsh, Messrs. Bennett, J. W. Thirsk, P. Maginnis, James Daly, and many others. The wedding breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's parents, No. 898 West Lake street, after which the happy couple started on a tour to St. Paul and other cities in the northwest.

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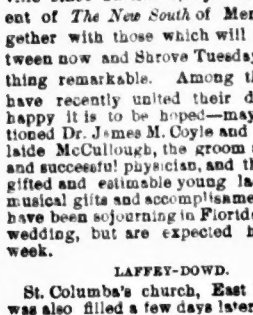

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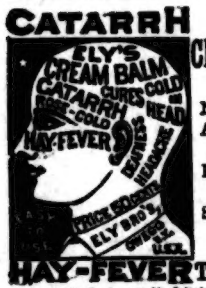

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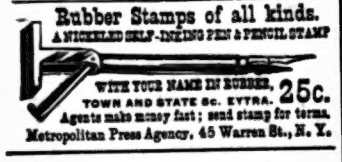

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ESTATE OF BERNARD DONNELLY, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Bernard Donnelly, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April A. D. 1890, being the 21st day thereof. MARY A. DONNELLY, Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, February 4, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

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Song, MISS MARY BRADDOCK. Recitation, MR. EDWARD HAYES. Banjo Solo, MESSRS. BURNS BROS. and McBRIDE. Recitation, MISS ALICE HIGGINS. EXCELSIOR QUARTETTE. Song, MR. J. J. PHEALEN. Recitation, MISS CAREY. Bag Pipes, BARNEY DELANEY, and other local talent will participate.

TICKETS - - - 50 CENTS.

Tickets Exchanged for Reserved Seats at Box Office three days previous to Entertainment.

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Dated Chicago, January 23, 1890.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Administratrix.

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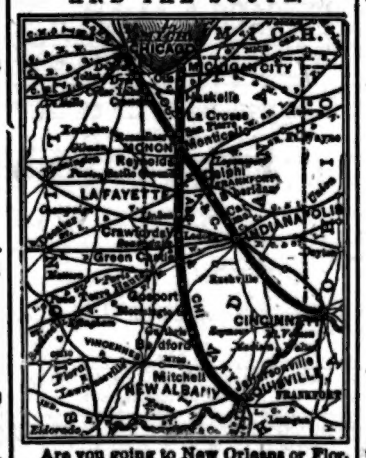

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